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The Resistance Kid

by Bryan Irvine

The Story of a Strange Individual

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Little Odd Story of the Week--No. 4

Swayback Saddleslasher

By George Commodore Shinn

AS USUAL his wife threw the last word after him as Swayback Saddleslasher kicked the shop door and then stumped into the street. Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of Ham Buzzard, the village nightwatch, slinking into a shadow. Swayback slipped into an alley hoping to evade Buzzard, but after knowing the old chronic for thirty years he should have known to evade him was impossible.

A good deal of reconnoitering followed. Eventually they met in the darkness at the rear of Clark's feed store.

"Nice night," observed Ham.

These two old men had hated each other for years. There was no other reason for this save the fact that they had known each other too long.

"Lookie here," snorted Swayback. "I been catchin' fits from the wife all day and I ain't got time to gas with you. For the last time I am tellin' you my boy is too good for that no-account girl of your'n——"

"None of your clack," blustered Ham. "My girl is the best in town. I wouldn't let her marry your kid——"

"Wouldn't, eh?" exclaimed Swayback. "You and your wife and my wife have been fixing to marry these kids for years. I been oppsin' it, cause your girl is dance struck, but now I am for it and you howlin' gossipers have changed your minds. I been scoutin' around a bit, and I know a few things. They'll be married tomorrer mornin'. I am jestice of the peace and for once I'm goin' to have my say—I'll bet ten dollars on that. Another thing. You cut out shadderin' me or I'll waller you."

"I'll just take that bet," decided Ham. "I got some inside dope on the robbery that was pulled off here the other night," informed Swayback. "The ten thousand dollars was located——"

And he wanted to kick himself for saying that much. It must have been that last drink before supper that loosened his tongue.

"How come?" exclaimed Ham. His jaws worked frantically on an old chew. "Who are they? Where's the——"

"There'll be no arrests," snorted Swayback. "And you'll keep your mouth shet when I am thru. An' don't you shadder me. I'll waller you."

"I ain't shadderin' none to be wallered," admitted Ham, "but any time you think you can do it, I'm willin'. I'm hankerin' to know moré about the findin' of that money——"

"You ain't goin' to learn no more about that money," cut in Swayback, "but you and your wife will be learnin' a lot if they foller that girl of your'n. She ain't no right to be draggin' my boy 'round to all the dances in the hills and stayin' out half the night. Besides, they are running the tires off'n my machine. You better shuffle off to bed now so as to be real pert for the weddin' tomorrer."

Buzzard had all the intentions in the world of following Swayback and the justice knew very well he would be followed.

Three blocks from the little railway station Swayback turned sharply at the bank corner, shot along the dark side street and then dove into a blind alley. After puffing a few minutes Swayback felt out a huge dry goods box he knew to be there in the darkness. Into this he leaped and then covered himself with loose paper and boards he had placed inside the box that afternoon.

AS EXPECTED, Buzzard soon arrived, panting like a fanning mill and shifting his electric flash about the alley. Even after he had turned off the light the village protector remained motionless, waiting and listening for the least sign of the man who knew something about the bank robbery.

Swayback was not comfortable, but he was satisfied. He had eluded Ham Buzzard and he had three hours until midnight to wait for the midnight express, therefore this was as good a place as any.

In one corner of the box he felt a large bottle poking him in the back. He had hid it there earlier that evening. Buzzard and his own wife, of late, had managed to locate every bottle he secreted within two blocks of his harness shop, therefore he had widened his territory. He was not a drinking man, understand, but for the past twenty years he had been bothered with a pain, a very sharp pain, in his stomach, and nothing relieved it like a little nip of clear moonlight liquor.

Perhaps an hour slipped away before Buzzard turned and hobbled off down the street. Swayback made sure that the protector of the night had turned the corner into Main street before he sampled the bottle. The pain left immediately. He made himself more comfortable and set his mind to reflecting.

He had no idea who were the real robbers. They may have been experts, or they may have been natives. At any rate, the money, ten thousand in currency, had been located, and certain parties were to get the money tonight. As near as he could figure from what he had learned and imagined, the money was within ten feet of the box in which he was resting.

Now that Buzzard had his general location the village cop would beat a warm trail to the alley behind the bank.

The 11 p. m. freight rumbled thru the village. Above its roar and thumping at wheels Swayback heard muffled voices near at hand. By turning slightly he could peep thru a crack in the side of the box. It was very dark, but he made out two doubled forms crouched near a pile of rubbish, their backs toward him, but by their movements and the circle of light from a flash resting on the ground he made out that they were digging.

At length they found the money, for they ceased digging and one of them poked the bundles into his pocket. They turned sharply. A sudden, blinding light covered them.

THE man in the mouth of the alley with the torch spit savagely and in the silence that followed Swayback heard a click that clicked as loud as a shotgun. There was only one in the valley and Buzzard carried that.

"Sure as there's a God in Heaven," Buzzard's voice trembled. "I oughter—oughter shoot the pair of ye. Yes, sir. I—I——"

With a clattering of boards and paper came Swayback from the box.

"Hold, thar!" he shouted. "It's your girl and my boy, remember——"

"Y—we—found the money," stammered Swayback's boy, "and——"

"Sure," returned his father, "and you two were going to skip on the midnight train. Just the same as stealing. Gimme that money. And you, Salley Buzzard, was willing to let him do this."

The boy produced the money and his father snatched it from him.

"So this is what we get for lettin' these kids cavort around all night," snorted Swayback. "Tomorrer you are to be married—and the next day you two are goin' up into the hills to run my farm on the shares. Five years is your sentence. I'm jedge of this district, and what I say goes. If that don't straighten you out I'll see that you get a chance to polish up in the State pen. Go home. Report in court tomorrer at 10."

When they had gone Swayback found Buzzard shaking with anger.

"I—liquor!" he panted. "Hand over that licker! I need a drink. Right here we bury the hatchet and shake. And to think it was our kids. How'd you find it out?"

"Oh, I was in back of the feed store looking for a new place to hide my licker," chuckled Swayback, "and I overheard them plannin'."

* * *

Old-time Irish Giant.

JOHN HUNTER (1728-1793) was a celebrated Scottish physiologist and surgeon, who achieved great fame in London, where he settled, and thruout the United Kingdom generally. He spared himself neither trouble nor expense in securing specimens for a museum which he established. He is said to have given in June, 1783, £500 sterling for the body of Charles O'Brien (or Byrne), known as "the Irish Giant," who was 8 feet 4 inches in height.

According to the particulars preserved among other records of the case, O'Brien, dreading dissection by Hunter, had shortly before his death arranged with several of his countrymen that his body should be conveyed by them to the sea and sunk in deep water; but his undertaker, who had entered into a pecuniary compact with the famous anatomist, managed that while the escort was drinking at a certain stage on the march seawards, the coffin should be locked up in a barn. There some men he had concealed speedily substituted an equivalent weight of paving stones for the body, which was at night forwarded to Hunter and by him taken in his carriage to Earl's Court, and to avoid risk of a discovery, immediately after suitable division boiled to obtain the bones.

The giant's skeleton is now a conspicuous object in the museum of the Royal Collegeof Surgeons in London.

* * *

GIVES TWICE THE HEAT WITHOUT COAL OR WOOD.

New Burner Burns Oil in Any Stove —Cheaper Than Coal or Wood.

A wonderful new burner which works in any coal or wood stove is the proud achievement of the International Heating Company, 4552 North Broadway, Dept. 178, St. Louis, Mo. This remarkably simple and inexpensive invention heats stove and oven in half the time and does away with all the dirt, ashes, and drudgery of using coal or wood. It gives one of the hottest and quickest fires known, controlled by a simple valve. It can be put into any stove in a few minutes. The recent big cut in the price of oil makes it a great money saver. The manufacturers offer to send this remarkable invention on 30 days trial to any reader of this paper. They are making a special low price offer to one user in each locality to whom they can refer new customers. They also want agents. Write them today.—Adv.

MOVIELAND

By Lillian Gish

Millions Love Her

WHEN YOU HAVE TO CRY

A WHILE ago I asked a woman whom I had just met what one thing she'd like to know about the motion picture world.

"I'd like to know how you make yourself cry," she answered. "I've heard that actresses just have some one hold an onion near them, out of range of the camera, and that's what makes them cry."

That's absurd, of course, for an onion would just make a person's eyes water; the person wouldn't be crying at all, really.

Making yourself cry in pictures is rather a complicated thing. To begin with, you can't just think of something sad in your own experience, and then cry about it. Any one who has been in pictures awhile can tell immediately when an actress on the screen has done that when the picture was taken. There's a false note about it, an artificiality that can be detected at once.

You have to feel sorrow as the person you are supposed to be would feel it. You have to realize their grief, and in that way portray it as they would portray it. Then your tears are natural, and belong in the part.

It's that way with any emotion which is expressed before the camera. It must be genuine.

That is why any one who wants to go into pictures should know as much about human nature as they can—they should know how people feel, how they express themselves, what they do when they feel happy or sad, or are under a great strain, or have given up in despair. The emotions, as well as the intelligence, must be trained. A poor working woman does not gesture as does a woman of the same age who has spent her life among beautiful surroundings, sheltered from the seamy side of life. The actress must know the difference.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Charlotte J.—Marie Doro went abroad some years ago to make pictures, but returned to this country not long ago, and is now appearing on the stage in New York.

Jack K.—Marguerite Clark's last picture was "Scrambled Wives." I don't know whether she has really retired from the screen or not—I imagine, and hope, that she hasn't! She is married, and lives in New Orleans.

Hugh W.—Helene Chadwick was born in Chadwick, N. Y. She is five feet tall, and has light hair and brown eyes. She has been in a number of pictures; her first engagement was with Paramount, but most of her releases have been Goldwyn pictures. "Scratch My Back" was one of the first in which she had a very good part, and since then she has been featured in many productions. "Dangerous Curve Ahead" is her latest release.

N. H. P.—I'm sorry that I can't give you the information you want, but I know very few stage people, and have never heard of the actress whom you mention. I think that if you wrote her in care of the company which engaged her last year you might be able to trace her, as the letter would be forwarded if they had her present address.

Colleen H.—Jack Holt was on the stage before he went into pictures, in stock. He was born in Winchester, Va., stands six feet, and has dark brown hair and eyes. Address him in care of the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

G. J.—Martha Mansfield's real name is Martha Oltrich. She took the name of the Ohio town where she was brought up, instead of her own last name, when she went on the stage. She came into the movies from the stage—the "Follies," to be exact—and one of her first parts was with Jack Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and later, after playing opposite Eugene O'Brien in several pictures, she became a Selznick star. She is now in vaudeville.

Mary.—Casson Ferguson was born in Alexandria, La., in 1890. I have heard that Louise Fazenda was going into vaudeville, but I don't know whether this is true or not. Many picture players are trying the stage just now, but Mary Pickford is not among them.

Next Week: Married People and the Movies.

The Resistance Kid

by Bryan Irvine

AT NINE o'clock sharp Warden James Dresden entered his office inside the prison walls, deposited his two hundred and thirty-pound bulk in a heavy oaken chair before the glass-top table and scanned the morning discharge sheet.

Captain of the Guard Horace Mullen entered the office and stood in respectful silence before his chief.

"Good morning, Horace," Dresden greeted, looking up from the discharge sheet. "Only one man to go out this morning?"

"Yes, sir," Mullen answered. "Redding goes out this morning, sir; and if I may be permitted to say it, sir, the entire guard force will rest easier when Redding is gone."

"Peculiar fellow, Redding is," the warden mused. "Caused more trouble in the five years he has been here than most 'bad' ones cause in twenty years, eh, Mullen?"

"Yes, sir," the captain agreed. "Redding takes first money for sheer cussedness. I have memorized his record, sir. In the five years he has been here he has attempted escape three times, beat up fourteen convicts and three guards at various time, served in all four hundred and ten days in the dungeon on bread and water, been on the hooks fourteen times and in the straight-jacket twenty-one times. He lost all privileges more than three years ago and has never given us a chance to restore them. He has broken every rule in the prison rule book at least once and has invented a number of rules to break that we never thought of when we made the book. He hates the world and every living thing in it. Redding says, sir, that the population of the world is made up of only three classes; one is the so-called society that keeps men in prison, another is made up of a few good crooks, and the last is all stoolpigeons who have allied themselves with society in keeping the good crooks in stir."

The warden sighed. "Hopeless case, I guess. How did he come by that nickname—the Resistance Kid—Horace? Tell me more about him. You seem to have his record pretty well."

"Convicts, guards, outside crooks, police and detectives gave him the moniker," Mullen replied, only too glad to spread his knowledge. "You see, warden, Redding takes the stand that any real man to get along in this world without playing second fiddle for some one else must resist all laws, codes or ethics of society. He declares that it is his purpose in life to resist everything the other fellow says is good. Just how he came to adopt this crazy platform he refuses to say. Redding is perfectly sane, too. He's only 26 years old, and a good-looking cuss. Boasts that he hasn't a friend in the world and doesn't want any. Must be something behind that insane notion of his."

Perhaps there is, Mullen. But—well, bring him in. I suppose I must give him the usual advice. Maybe I can persuade him to tell me something of his past life."

Mullen withdrew into an adjoining room to return presently accompanied by James Redding—the "Resistance Kid"—for five years the terror of the prison.

Even the ill-fitting discharge suit failed to conceal Redding's six feet of hard-muscled manhood. He halted before the table and gave the warden an insolent stare. Mullen silently left the room.

"Good morning, Redding," said Dresden, smiling.

Redding merely sneered slightly by way of response.

"Sit down," the warden invited, indicating a chair near the table. "Let's have a little powwow before you go, Redding."

"I don't want to talk to you or anybody else," Redding replied. His voice carried that hard, rasping note characteristic of men of the underworld. During his five years in the prison where unnecessary talking among the inmates is not permitted, he had acquired the habit, common among convicts, of talking out of the corner of his mouth and with little or no movement of the lips.

"I take it that my time here has expired and I want to leave right now, see? I don't want any lectures or sermons before I go, either."

"I get you." Warden Dresden continued to smile. "It is customary, nevertheless, to give a few words of advice to men leaving the prison. Whether or not you want the advice, Redding, is beside the question. It is my duty to give it."

"Well, go to it," Redding snapped. "Get it over with. Get it off your chest—and be brief. But a h—l of a lot of good your friendly advice will do me!"

Dresden had handled many cases similar to this one during his twenty years as warden of the prison. He had learned the value of patience and good humor. His smile remained.

"Very well, Redding. Please sit down."

"No."

"Redding, you have made a record at this prison; a record for incorrigibility and agitation that will perhaps be the envy of convicts for many years to come," Dresden began.

Redding sighed and shifted his weight from one leg to the other. The action was very much like that of the small boy who prepares to listen to a long sermon on Sunday morning.

"You have repeatedly broken every prison rule," Dresden ran on. "You have planned and executed more deviltry than any other man that ever served time here—or in any other prison for that matter. It was you who planned that "break" two years ago. It fell thru only because one of your lieutenants turned informer. You——"

"Which lieutenant?" Redding rasped quickly. He was all attention now. This was news to him. "The dirty white mouse! I'll know some day who the guy was that turned stoolpigeon and I'll kill him like I'd kill a sewer rat!" The hard lines on his face became more accentuated and there was no doubt in the mind of the warden that Jimmie Redding could murder a stoolpigeon very easily.

"That's dangerous talk, Redding," Dresden admonished, no longer smiling. "I am disappointed in you. It isn't like you to make such a dangerous and foolish threat before me. It's crude. But to resume.

"The man who planned that 'crush-out'—you—has a master mind. No other man in this prison—and we have some of the shrewdest criminals in the world here—could plan a crush-out like that. It was not your fault that it failed. That is only one example of what you can do with that head of yours. Redding,"—pointing a stubby finger at the silently contemptuous man before him—"you have the mind of a great general, a great statesman. You could become a brilliant lawyer; you could become a marvel as a detective; you could put your name ahead of those of the greatest detectives in the land. You could, by applying that brain of yours to legitimate business, become a Wanamaker, a Rockefeller. Yet you have a distorted, warped creed of your own; one that will, if you pursue it, bring you back to this or some other prison—to the chair or the noose, perhaps—just as surely as you are standing before me this minute."

Warden Dresden was warming to his subject. He was pathetically sincere. He believed every word he uttered. Jimmie Redding sighed and shifted his weight back to the other leg.

"Can't you understand?" Dresden almost pleaded. "Cannot you, with that mind of yours, see your finish? In spite of your marvelous perspicuity and ingenuity you are certain, absolutely certain, to lose out as a criminal. Why? Because no crook, however shrewd he is, can conquer 'right,' 'good.' You have humanity's invincible weapon, law and order, trained on your every movement. Great and apparently unbreakable criminal organizations have been thought out and brought together by the keenest criminal brains in the world, only to eventually disintegrate and come to grief, fall apart like mud pies in a rain storm before law and order.

What, then, can you do alone? The only organization or individual that wins is the organization or individual that walks hand in hand with law and order, with invincible 'right.' Build a million-dollar castle on sand and that castle will some day collapse in ruin. Success, happiness, real achievement have the unbreakable bulwark of law and order to hold it up. You, with all your power of will and concentration, are only a weak ephemera without justice on your side."

To emphasize the last undeniable declaration, the warden bent forward and brought his heavy fist down on the table with a resounding bang that caused a spoonful of ink to pop in a diminutive geyser out of the glass inkstand. A penholder rolled across the table and clattered on the floor. Jimmie Redding yawned openly, shifted his weight to the other leg and fixed a bored gaze on the clock on the wall.

"Resistance! Resistance!" Dresden sneered. "That's your creed, your motto, your slogan, your purpose in life! Resist anything and everything on which justice places her stamp of approval! You're crazy, Redding! Be a man; don't be an idiot! Redding,"—the big man bent forward suddenly, his words freighted with earnestness—"for the sake of, or the memory of, your father or your mother, let this prison term be a lesson to you. Better stay on the straight and narrow hereafter. It is the safest trail."

This old reliable line, a last resort, had penetrated the skin of many hard criminals in times gone by. Warden Dresden had a great deal of faith in the efficacy of that simple plea.

THE Resistance Kid had turned about to fix a penetrating gaze on the well-meaning official. There was not the slightest hint of softness in his steel-blue eyes. Apparently, Dresden's last plea had only had the effect of stirring Redding from bored indifference to devilish, unrelenting hate. A wolfish snarl finally came from between lips drawn in a grimace of contempt.

"Straight and narrow!" A rasping whisper. "Safest trail! Mother! Father! Why don't you swap jobs with the chaplain, or go down to one of the city missions to spread that maudlin hypocracy of yours? Why don't you——"

"Stop!" Dresden barked, bounding from his chair like a great rubber ball. His large black eyebrows had lowered in an ominous scowl and his round, fat face was changing from a red to a purple hue.

"I'll talk now if I never talk again," Redding resumed in the same rasping whisper.

Dresden's hand went out toward a pushbutton on his desk, paused, then dropped to his side. He shrugged his great shoulders slightly, sank back into the chair and sighed.

"Very well, Redding. Talk your fool head off." It had suddenly occurred to the warden that the prisoner was in the mood to tell him something of his past.

"I'll not talk my head off," the Resistance Kid retorted. "But I will say something that may surprise you.

"First, this line of chatter about law and order and justice and all that bunk sounds nice, but it doesn't mean anything to me any more than you mean anything to me. You are a hired servant of this so-called justice that says 'Tread the straight and narrow and I'll be your friend.' You draw a fat salary, get fatter every day and more contented with your lot. You think you know it all because you had enough political pull to land this job. You were lucky. Given the same start, the same chance, that I had in this world, you would probably be in the dungeon right now and trying to make yourself believe that dry crusts of bread taste like pork chops and that stale water tastes like hot coffee. You try to slip over that old hokum about mother and father. If you had any brains under that bald dome of yours you might guess that it was this same powerful bulwark of society—law and order—that took my mother from a washtub to her grave when I was 7 years old.

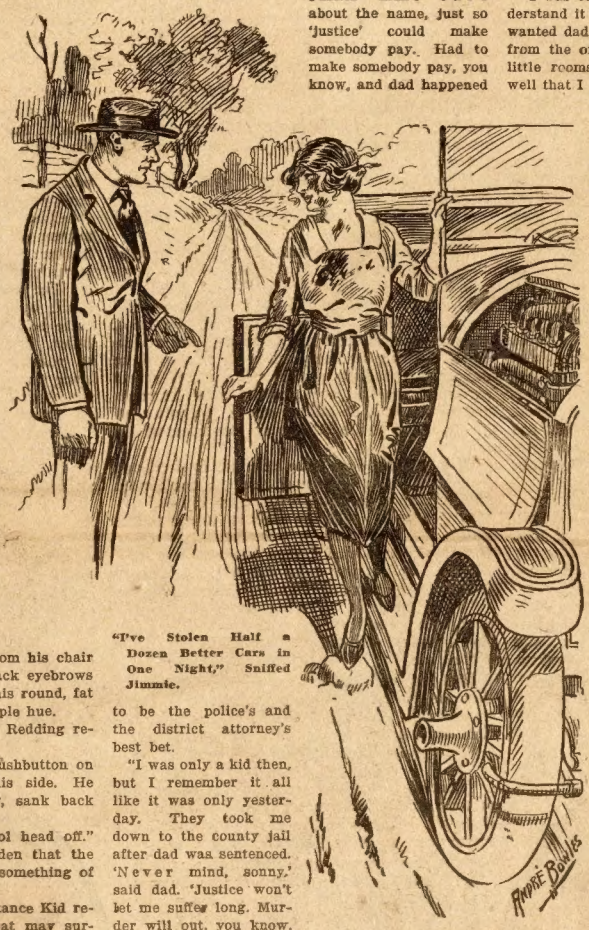
"Yah! You didn't think of that, did you? You, like all the others who make up this big gang of narrow hypocrites known as society, throw cause and effect to the winds and say, 'stay on the straight and narrow.'

"Father! Father stayed on the straight and narrow, depended absolutely on law and order to give him a square deal, and twenty-four hours after my mother was buried in the county graveyard the old man was pinched on a murder charge. Remember when Grogan, superintendent of the carpet factory, was bumped off? It was during the strike at the factory. Dad was a union man. He had a bad temper, dad did, and he had had words with Grogan some time previously. Circumstances were all against the old man. He was innocent, but he drew it all—got a life sentence. He died right here in this rotten prison of yours. Remember him now, don't you?"

Warden Dresden had straightened in his chair.

"Robert Jenkins!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," Redding snapped. "Robert Jenkins was the moniker that poor old dad took to do time under. Justice didn't care about the name, just so 'justice' could make somebody pay. Had to make somebody pay, you know, and dad happened



"I've Stolen Half a Dozen Better Cars in One Night," Sniffed Jimmie.

to be the police's and the district attorney's best bet.

"I was only a kid then, but I remember it all like it was only yesterday. They took me down to the county jail after dad was sentenced. 'Never mind, sonny,' said dad. 'Justice won't let me suffer long. Murder will out, you know, sonny, and when they know the truth they will let me come back to you. Just be patient, Jimmie boy,' he said, 'and first thing you know you and I will be together again. We'll go way out West, sonny, where we ain't known, and we'll have a little place of our own out in the country where there ain't any carpet factories. We'll have some chickens and a little garden and flowers and things. Maybe there will be a little brook or river near our home,' he said, 'where we can catch fish and go in swimmin' like I used to when I was a little shaver like you.'"

The warden was now slumped in his chair, his gaze fixed on the square toe of his large shoe. The sternness of several moments before had left his face. He was struggling vainly to hold back that annoying moisture that threatened to accumulate to the overflowing point in his left eye.

Jimmie Redding no longer looked at Dresden. He was looking beyond the warden and at a rosebush on the lawn beyond the office window. He was unaware that he had unconsciously allowed the hard, rasping note to slip from his voice. He was unaware that he was talking, not from the corner of his mouth, but as normal, unhardened man would talk. Neither was there a sign of tears in Jimmie Redding's eyes. Time, suffering, long hours in a narrow cell had not bred in him self pity; it had, rather, slowly corroded his soul to the point of tearless, unrelenting hardness.

He continued to talk now, apparently oblivious to the presence of the warden. It was like an oft repeated soliloquy, Dresden knowing as he listened that Redding was voicing thoughts of the past that, even tho they temporarily softened the heart of the Resistance Kid, were the very thoughts that had made him the uncompromising enemy of law and order.

"They took me away from dad then. The humane officer went with me to the two-room hovel that, several days before, was our home. I gathered my few treasures—the jackknife dad had given me, the little Bible mother had given me on my last birthday, and what few clothes I had—and the officer took me away.

"I was only 7 years old then and I could not understand it all. I only know that I cried a lot and wanted dad and mother to come and take me away from the officer; to take me back into those dark little rooms that were home to me. I remember well that I told the officer that I wanted mother and that if she would only come back she would never have to scold me again for not carrying in water for the washings she took in. My little mongrel pup—'Snipe' was his name—wagged his stubby tail and followed me until the officer threw stones at him and chased him back. Said dogs were not allowed in the 'home' he was taking me to. Poor little Snipe didn't lose anything by not following me to the 'home.' It was an orphans' home and wasn't fit for any mongrel dog to live in.

"The orphan homes may be different these days. The one to which I was taken was virtually a prison. I waited months and months for a letter from dad. No letters came. I learned years later that 'justice' would not give dad my address; thought he wasn't a fit dad for me. Gee, how I dreamed of that little home out West somewhere!

"Poor dad died of a broken heart right here in this pen."

Redding—the real Resistance Kid—suddenly came to life again. Again smouldered the ominous fire in his eye. Came again the rasping whisper, the bitter words dropped from the corner of twisted mouth.

"There's your justice!" he hissed, throwing his full gaze on the warden. "Who was to blame? Not dad. Not mother. Not me. No, it was this bulwark of society, this virtuous law and order. When I heard that dad was dead—I was 15 years old then and had never ceased dreaming of that home out West—something in me, something that had clung blindly to the hope that your so-called justice held out to me—snapped. I had been cheated; cheated of mother, father, childhood; cheated of my faith in mankind; cheated of everything worth while. All crashed at my feet, a ruin, and my heart turned to stone then and there.

"On the very same day that I received the news of dad's death I was slapped by one of the boss gardeners at the home. In a blinding rage at the entire scheme of things I struck the boss gardener with a hoe. Almost killed him—certainly tried to. From then on life for me at the home was hell until, at the age of 17, I escaped.

"I'll not tell you the rest, for the reason that I have no desire to stay in prison. I began to make society pay me. The account is far from settled. Because I had no references, because I had no diplomas, because I had no pedigree I was a suspicious character before I turned my first trick. The only real handshake I ever got was from some crook or other who accepted me as one of his kind. The others, all members of this great law and order league and your chaste society, shook with their left hand and held a dagger in their right, ready to slip it between my slats when my back was turned.

"That's all. I am ready to go."

Dresden arose and gave an embarrassed cough.

"Ah—er——, Redding, I'll shake hands with you

(Continued on Page 16.)

Continuing a Thrilling Story of Russia in the Days Before Bolshevism

The Inner Circle

By Crittenden Marrion

A Condensation of Part One

THE INNER CIRCLE, one of Crittenden Marriott's very best stories, is a tale of Russia during those last days around 1914, when that country was a hotbed of conspiracy—those days just before the revolutionists got the upper hand and introduced a new system of life in that vast territory; days when secret groups of mysterious men met in dark basements, behind massive doors, to formulate plots that might, quickly and forever, rid Russia of her weakling Czar and her greedy, gold-laced aristocracy; days when the threads of nihilist intrigues and plans ran across the world to America, and even to far-away Australia.

PROFESSOR SHISKIN, the great Russian physicist, had come to America twenty years ago, bringing with him a little daughter. He established his laboratories in New York City and all went well until the day came when professional courtesy compelled him to receive a mysterious visitor—a man direct from Moscow.

MAXIME GORLOFF, the caller, was from the House of Seven Feathers—red feathers—and he addressed the Professor as "Brother." The famous scientist was forced to admit that he was of the Brotherhood, or had been twenty years before, when he was known as Lladislas Metrovitch, and when charged with sedition he had escaped from prison and fled to America. His second wife had been an American, and their daughter, Olga, was their only child. Believing his wife had died, the Professor stole the child from the household of Grand Duke Ivan, who had openly admired little Olga's mother, whom in time he married, morganatically, after the Professor was reported dead.

OLGA SHISKIN, now a beautiful young woman, had brought in Gorloff's card when he called. Gorloff explained that the ship Orkney, sailing from London for St. Petersburg with five millions in gold consigned to the Russian government, gold borrowed on the people's credit, had sunk in the Gulf of Bothnia, leaving no survivor to tell its location. But

MARIE FITZHUGH, the Inner Circle's trusted agent, had arrived in New York and with her disclosures and the Professor's world-wide reputation as a finder of sunken treasure it was quite probable that the lost gold could be recovered and turned over to the Brotherhood. The Professor finally agreed to head the undertaking—was forced to do so, or suffer dire consequences.

ALSTON CARUTH, a wealthy New Yorker, with apartments in the Chimneystack Building, was surprised to receive a midnight visitor. This visitor was none other than Marie Fitzhugh, who was in quest of a letter, mailed in Stockholm, Sweden, to some one in New York, but in Caruth's care. When the letter was found to begin with "My dear Jim," and end with "Yours, Bill,"

JIM WILKINS, Caruth's valet, claimed it. The excited woman finally offered Wilkins two thousand dollars for the letter—unread by him—and he accepted her offer, receiving eighteen hundred dollars cash on the spot. But when she again examined the contents of the inner envelope she found nothing but blank paper. "He has gone with the hope of Russia in his hands!" cried the woman, in a despairing voice.

CHAPTER IV.

RECKLESSLY Caruth plunged down the half-lighted steps. The elevator had stopped running, and, in any event, he had no time to wait for elevators. Down he sped, past tight-shut doors, whose occupants slept calmly despite his noisy rush! over marble steps, thru tesselated halls, round slippery corners. Twice he nearly fell, but he saved himself and went on, bursting at last like a meteor on the scandalized watchman, whom the clatter of his coming had roused from a blameless nap.

"Now, now, now!" clamored that individual. "What in hell's bells you think you're doing, gallopin' like this? Why it's Mr. Caruth!"

"Yes, it's I." The young man's breath came in gasps. One does not race down eight flights of stairs without showing the effects. "Yes, it's I! Has my man, Wilkins, gone out in the last five minutes?"

"Wilkins? Naw! Say, Mr. Caruth, you'd better go to bed and sleep it off, or it'll be you for the psychopathic ward the first thing you know."

"Bosh! Wilkins has run away from my rooms with a valuable letter and eighteen hundred dollars in money. Are you sure he hasn't passed you?"

"Eighteen hundred! Gee! Course I'm sure. Ain't I been here right along?"

Caruth drew a long breath and glanced up the stairway down which he had just raced. So sure had he been that Wilkins had fled that he had not stopped to search in his own apartments. A suspicion that he had made himself ridiculous began to penetrate to his brain, and he glanced shamefacedly at the watchman.

That individual was regarding him suspiciously. He caught the look, interpreted it correctly, and smiled encouragingly. "It's all right, Mr. Caruth," he extenuated. "It's all to the regular for a gent to have the nightmare when he goes to sleep in his chair. Just you go back to your rooms and take a dose of bromide and say your lay-me-downs, and neither of us'll remember anything about this tomorrow. I'd start the elevator for you if I could, but I can't, so it's you for the glue-foot climb."

"What's Doing?" Demanded the Foremost Policeman, "Murder! On the Third Floor Fire Escape!" He was Told.

Caruth scarcely heard the man. His first spasm of distrust in his own action had quickly passed, and by the time the other had finished he had gone back to his first idea.

"Nonsense, Jackson"—he burst out impatiently. "I haven't been asleep. Wilkins has fled within five minutes. If he hasn't passed you, he must have gone some other way. How else could he go? Quick, man! He must be caught."

But the watchman refused to be hurried. "There's ain't no way out but this," he declared, "unless he done a high dive from the fire escape."

Caruth started. He had forgotten the dangerous combination of open platforms and loose-hung ladders plastered across the hall windows on each floor. If Wilkins had taken that means of escape, as was entirely probable, he must have long since been out of reach, and no way to find him would remain except the slow appeal to the police. He would call up the headquarters and——

Suddenly he recalled his visitor. Would she care to have the affair made public? Certainly he could not act without consulting her.

The watchman's voice broke on him. That individual had switched on the lights in the hall, and had gone back to where a closed door gave on an alley. "We'll take a look at that Jacob's ladder just to satisfy you, Mr. Caruth," he called. "See here!" He threw open the door and let Caruth step out into the night.

At first the alley seemed dark, but soon objects began to stand out in the faint light. First the sky-line showed clear against the towering sides of the chasm, then the iron of the fire-escape disentangled itself from the darkness and began to show rectangular tracery.

Before Caruth could distinguish more, the watchman uttered an exclamation. "By George!" he cried. "Somebody has been on that escape. It's been let down."

Caruth looked where the other pointed. Plainly discernible now to his distended pupils, the lowest stretch of the iron ladder trailed across his field of vision. Some one had cut loose the fastenings that held it high in the air, out of reach of casual sneak thieves, and had lowered it to the ground.

Wilkins' selection of a route was obvious. But it was also obvious that he was gone.

Caruth turned disconsolately away. He was beginning to wonder what had become of Miss Fitzhugh. When he had started down the stairs, she had been close behind him, and he had expected her to follow, but tho more than time enough for her to reach the bottom had elapsed, she had not appeared. His first thought was that she had remained above out of some belated care for her reputation. Then, quickly following, came the possibility of a more sinister explanation.

The incidents of the night to his mind admitted but one explanation. Despite her American name (which might well have been assumed) the girl was a Russian, and he who says Russia nowadays connotes revolution, plots, arrests, and all the rest of the melodrama. The girl might be a nihilist or she might be a police spy, but he was sure that she must be one or the other, and Wilkins was her enemy. She had recognized him as such—not at first, but toward the end, when he had tricked her by his feint of throwing the letter in the fire. Caruth remembered her every word. And he had left her alone! How did he know that Wilkins had gone? How did he know that he had not concealed himself and waited——

Slow and long-drawn-out when written down, the sequence of events with all its possibilities flashed like lightning thru his mind. His hair rose upon his head, and the sweat stood out upon his forehead. His heart thumped furiously! Scarcely could he comprehend the words of the watchman.

Yet that individual was cursing roundly. "I'd like to know who in hell's setting leaky pots out on that escape," he finished. "Dropping stuff on a man's clothes and spoin'——"

The voice died away in an inarticulate murmur, and Caruth saw the man's face blanch as he held out his hand. "It's blood," he hissed. "Blood! Blood! Somebody's bleedin' like a stuck pig up there. Somebody's been murdered." He ran down the hall and pressed the button of a police call. Then he came hurrying back.

"Here, you!" he shouted, his respectful manner falling from him like a garment. "Chase up them steps to the third floor and meet me at the window. On your way, now, Willie!"

Caruth came out of his trans and sped up the steps as the watchman ran out by the rear door. One flight—two flights—three flights! Along the hall he rushed

(Continued on Page 11.)

Concluding a Story of a New Kind of Detective—the Business Detective

Black Magic

By Frank Lester

Read This First—Then Go On With the Story

EUSTON remained in Mullock's office long enough to accuse him of crooked work in gaining knowledge of his rival's bids, but left when Mullock doffed his coat and vest and threatened to throw him out. Danny figured that nothing could be gained by engaging in a rough-and-tumble encounter with the big bully, upon whose forearm he noticed a tattooed design, that of a cantilever bridge over a chasm in which rested a symbolic rising sun. The design corresponded exactly with one Danny had seen on Ackerly's arm. Away from Mullock's office, Danny feigned illness and was assisted into

DR. HULBERT RENN'S office by a passing workman, who noticed the brass sign bearing the doctor's name and house number—737. The doctor was the same man Euston had seen in the little automobile with Miss Marling—the man with the pointed beard. Danny was suffering with "fibrous myocarditis," the doctor announced. "Very dangerous! Often fatal!" Danny arranged to take violet ray treatments at ten dollars per week. There was method in Danny's willing entry into the world's huge class of easy marks.

Back in the Central's office Euston found bits of torn paper in Tuttle's waste basket, upon which Tuttle had written some kind of a message in which "Mull" (Mullock, possibly) figured. He also found a small green crystal of irregular shape, which he kept.

When the Central company put in a bid to replace a railroad bridge that had been dynamited, and the contract was awarded to the Hoosier company, whose bid of an even $36,000 was $460.50 lower than the Central's, the elder Harven exclaimed: "For the eighth time information has slipped from this office—by black magic!"

The story began in No. 52, the Ledger for Dec. 24. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XVIII.
AN INVITATION.

DURING the tense pause that followed Harven's statement, Euston stepped back to the lone door of the offices, tried the key in the lock to see that the bolt was shot, and then withdrew it, dropping it into his pocket. Then he returned to where he had been standing. The other occupants of the room, from Milford Harven himself to the office boy, looked on in amazement.

"We have now reached what is known as the 'showdown,'" Euston declared coolly. "Not a person in this room is going to leave it until he or she lays the full contents of all pockets, purses, reticules and what not else out in full view on this table here."

The faces of his listeners reflected a variety of emotions. Bayonne, her lips slightly parted; Ackerly, his face a complete study, and Tuttle, his countenance the picture of gloom, flashed white almost simultaneously. And Euston, watching the faces of each of the three, took note of the sudden pallor on each. Then he turned to Milford Harven.

"It may interest you to learn, Mr. Harven, that I know at last how this information was sent out of these rooms thu channels that were apparently connected with black magic. But in order to corroborate my theory, to catch our individual, and to tie it up to Ambrose Mullock himself of the Hoosier Bridge, I was forced to let one more bid slip—to lose one more contract. But I think that this will be the last."

He gazed about him at Bayonne, Ackerly, Tuttle and the office boy. His eyes rested momentarily again on Tuttle's stolid face; then he looked toward Milford Harven.

"Only one thing is necessary now to land the guilty party; but until I myself can inspect the contents of each person's private possessions here, even I am unable to tell who that guilty party is." He paused. "That's all, I guess. Who will start and lay the full contents of his pockets on this table?"

For several seconds a profound silence filled the room. Not a person spoke. Then Johnnie Hill, the office boy, stepped forward and dug down into his trousers pockets.

"Mr. Pond, I gotta get home. I ain't done nothin' in this place an' I don't know what it's all about. But here's all the stuff in my pockets—an' that's all." He looked toward his employer. "Mr. Harven, can I go home?"

"You may do whatever Mr. Pond says you may," returned Harven cautiously.

Immediately the boy dug down into one pocket, then into another, bringing to light a most surprising assortment of articles from marbles and sticks of chewing gum to gaudy five-cent novels. As each pocket was emptied, he turned the lining out. Finally he looked up at Euston.

"Can I go, Mr. Pond?"

Euston casually examined several of the marbles, then motioned the boy to return his stuff to his pockets. When this was done he ordered the boy to get his cap, and conducted him as far as the office door, which he opened, keeping a wary eye on certain other occupants of the room. Again he locked it with the boy on the outside and dropped the key back into his pocket. Then he returned to his former place near the big office table.

"Who is next?" he asked curiously. He glanced toward Bayonne, noting the pockets of her blue serge suit; then in turn at Tuttle and John Ackerly. But Tuttle seemed at last to have found his tongue, for he angrily broke the silence that had enveloped him.

"This is a damnable outrage, Harven! Is this a private scheme of yours to humiliate every one here? What has this young upstart got to say in this office?"

"Anything he can do or say," retorted the older Harven hotly, "to solve this more damnable theft of information from us during the last few months goes with me." He looked toward Euston. "Go ahead, Mr. Pond. Do as you please."

But no one made a stir to empty the contents of his pockets. So Euston looked at his watch and once more repeated his last query.

"Who is next?"

"Well, I refuse, absolutely," blurted out Tuttle in a rage, "to lay the contents of my pockets on that table in front of you or any one else. I'll not submit to it—and that's final!"

As tho reinforced from an unexpected quarter, Ackerly spoke up for the first time, and his voice held a pronounced weakness—a wavering fear.

"And I, too, refuse absolutely to submit," he said slowly. "I am not accused of any crime—here." He gazed oddly across the room toward Bayonne. "Will you submit, Miss Marling, to this outrage?"

She opened her lips to speak, but the first time no words came. Finally she managed to find utterance, but her voice was strangely colorless and dead. "And I—I, too, refuse—refuse to display the contents of my pockets. I—I will not. No, I will not do it."

Without a word further, Euston strode over to Milford Harven's private telephone. He dropped down in the latter's swivel-chair and raised the receiver. Those in the room could hear his words plainly.

"Connect me with police headquarters, Central."

A pause—a pause filled with the most intense silence—followed, after which began a clicking and a buzing.

"Hello," said Euston, suddenly. "Police headquarters? Yes? Will you kindly send two plain-clothes men at once to——"

But his words were interrupted as he looked up at Bayonne, who had crossed the floor quickly and had placed her arm on his. "I beg of you, Mr. Pond, don't call in the police. Can't I convince you that——" She stopped. "Is it absolutely necessary that the police must be brought in; that they——" Again words failed her as she swallowed with difficulty.

The moment she had first placed her hand on his arm and spoken, Euston had looked up at her in the middle of his directions to police headquarters. But as he sat there, the receiver in his hand, the police captain on the other end shouting into it in the belief that the circuit had been interrupted. Ackerly, slumped down in his chair across the room, suddenly spoke forth in Bayonne's direction:

"You might as well tell them the truth Bayonne. If the police are to be called in, they'll know anyway. It's too late now, dear girl, to bluff it out. Your poor dad is caught at last."

"And So, Sam Tuttle, You Were Trying to Double-cross Your Partner! Judas! Judas!"

CHAPTER XIX.
WHEREIN CIRCUMSTANCES FORCE A REVELATION.

AT ACKERLY'S dejected statement, every one in the room, including Tuttle, turned and stared in his direction. Euston, bewildered, hung up the receiver and rose from the swivel-chair, where he gazed first toward Ackerly and then toward the girl at his side.

"Tell them, Bayonne," Ackerly repeated gloomily. "Tell them the facts. You might as well. The police will get it when they come."

"So you two are father and daughter?" Milford Harven broke forth angrily. "And playing a crooked game with this firm all the time?"

At the first part of his statement the girl nodded unhappily. "He has told me to tell you—and—and I suppose I must." Her voice seemed to trail away. "Yes, we are face to face with the unmasking now—and you gentlemen will know it—even if you aren't told." She paused for a minute. "He—he is Marling—the civil engineer who—who killed an American on a bridge job over the Rio Negro in Venezuela—twenty-four years ago. He—he has papers in his breast pocket now that he has kept all these years—papers by which I might establish my claims to his mother's estate—but—but papers which will prove his identity. And—and so you may as well know the truth from our lips as from the police. I warned him to get rid of them—to let the estate slip—but—but he would not do it for my sake; and now they are his undoing."

Ackerly, at the end of her faltering explanation, merely shrugged his shoulders and withdrew from his breast pocket a huge packet of papers held together by a wide rubber band—some of which were yellow with age and stained with travel. "It was to help you on the litigation, Bayonne," he said. "To help you get what is yours. But there's no use in crying over spilled milk, dear."

Euston, interested above everything at this sudden, unexpected turn of affairs, advanced toward the table and dropped into an empty chair. "Ackerly, let me get this clear. Your name is Marling—and not Ackerly? You killed an American twenty-four years ago in South America—in Venezuela, as your daughter says—on a bridge job over the Rio Negro?"

"Yes. The facts are known to a lot of people in this city who moved in engineering circles at that time. Shot him dead in a quarrel, fled into the mountains, made the coast, and got to South Africa on a trading ship. There I became John Ackerly."

Euston shook his head slowly. "That doesn't sound very good for you." He paused. "But may I inquire as to why you called on Dr. Hulbert Renn of the Hoosier Steel Bridge Corporation last Friday night? And why were you trying to double-cross this firm, which has been giving you a living as John Ackerly?"

The other stiffened up in his chair. "So you followed me Friday night, Pond?"

Euston nodded. "I did. And you surely followed an erratic path. But how about it?"

"I am John Marling, the man who made a misplay once in his life and killed a fellow countryman," the bearded man declared stoutly, "but I never double-crossed this firm. I got in touch with my little girl over there," nodding toward Bayonne, "while I was at Sydney, Australia, by advertising in the Indianapolis papers, and wrote her telling her that her father was alive—and a fugitive from justice. She begged me to come back. And so I came back to the States after an absence of twenty-four years—and the first place in Indianapolis where I tried to get work was with the Hoosier Bridge.

It was Dr. Renn who made the physical examination of me and reported me too old to go out as a bridge worker, which was the only position they had open at the time. But he saw the tattoo mark on my arm—the insignia of the old Cantilever Society of Rose Polytech, at Terre Haute. There were only nine members in that society—and one of them was Ambrose Mullock, now head of the Hoosier Bridge. Renn had seen the tattoo mark on Mullock's arm, and between the two visits I was forced to make to him, he either quizzed Mullock and got some information, or else he looked up the records of that old society and found out the name of each of the nine members. At any rate, he discovered mighty soon that every one but Marling could be accounted for to-

(Continued on Page 18.)

One Hundred and Thirty Trained Bullies Hungry for Unsuspecting Treasure-laden Ships

Here Is Excitement Galore

Wolves of the Sea

By Randall Parrish

CHAPTER VIII.

A VICTORY, AND A DEFEAT.

I AROSE silently to my feet, conscious of possessing no weapon, yet fully aware that all hope of thwarting this villainy lay in immediate action. But I must await the right moment. Even with the advantage of surprise, there would inevitably be the noise of struggle. I had in the past despised Sanchez, but I had never yet tested him as a fighting man, and, indeed, no longer considered the fellow to be a mean antagonist. Remembering who he was, I now realized fully the desperate nature of my attempt, the need of quick, remorseless action. Nevertheless I dared not attack until assured that those men he had just dispatched were safely beyond earshot.

I could hear or see nothing of them; they had vanished utterly, and the soft sand returned no echo of their footsteps. Time alone gave me judgment as to the distance they would travel. If I yielded too much of this, they might attain the sloop before I could sound an alarm; while if I moved too quickly the noise would bring them back to the rescue. The moments were agony, as I bent tensely forward, poised for a leap. God! I could wait no longer!

Sanchez had turned slightly, apparently immersed in thought, and stood with his face toward the bay. Even in that darkness his position was that of a man intently listening for the slightest sound to reach him out of the black night. I ventured a cautious step forward, and stood on the open sand, scarcely a yard to his rear, every nerve throbbing, my lips still silently counting the seconds. I could not, I dared not wait longer.

Some vague sense of my presence must have influenced the man, for he swung suddenly about, uttering a stifled cry of startled surprise, as we met face to face. For an instant we were locked so closely within each other's desperate grip, his head bent beneath my arm, with my fingers clutching at his throat to block any call for help, that he possessed no knowledge of his assailant's identity. But the man was like a tiger, possessed of immense strength encased in a wiry frame. The surprise of attack was to my advantage, yet almost before I realized what was being done, he had rallied, broken my first hold, and his eyes were glaring straight into mine. Then he knew me, signaling his discovery with an oath, his free hand instantly grasping at the knife concealed beneath his loose cloak.

Even as he jerked it forth, I crushed his wrist within my fingers, forcing his forearm back. Breast to breast we wrestled for mastery, every muscle strained, our feet firmly planted on the sand. There was no outcry, no noise, except that of our heavy breathing, and trampling feet. Personal hatred had ascendancy in both our hearts—I doubt if he ever thought of aught else but the desire to kill me there with his own hands. Only once did he even utter a word, hissing out the sentence as tho it were a poison:

"To hell with you, you sneaking English cur!"

"Then I travel that road not alone," I muttered back. "There will be one less of the devil's brood afloat."

What followed has to me no clearness, no consistency. I remember, yet it is as tho memory played me a thousand tricks. Never have I fought more wickedly, nor with deeper realization that I needed every ounce of strength, and every trick of wit and skill. I had not before dreamed he was such a man; but now I knew the fellow possessed greater knowledge of the game than I, and a quicker movement; I alone excelled in weight of body, and coolness of brain. His efforts were those of an infuriated animal, his uncontrolled outburst of hatred rendering him utterly reckless of results in his struggle to overcome me at any cost. It was this blind blood-lust which gave me victory.

I know not clearly how it was done; my only memory being his frantic efforts to drive home the knife-point, and mine to defeat the thrust. Twice he pricked me deep enough to draw blood, before I succeeded in twisting backward the arm with which he held the blade. It was a sailor's trick of last resort, heartlessly cruel in its agony, but I felt then no call to mercy. He met the game too late, falling half back upon one knee, hoping thus to foil my purpose, yet my greater weight saved me. There was the sharp crack of a bone, as his useless fingers let the knife drop, a snarled curse of pain, and then, with the rage of a mad dog, Sanchez struck his teeth deep into my cheek.

The sharp pang of pain drove me to frenzy, and for the first time I lost all control, my one free hand seeking to reach the lost knife. With a thrill of exultation I gripped it, driving instantly the keen blade to its hilt into the man's side. He made no cry, no struggle—the set teeth unlocked, and he fell limply back on the sand, his head lapped by the waves.

I remained poised above him, spent and breathless from struggle, scarcely conscious even as to what had occurred so swiftly, the dripping knife in my hand, blood streaming down my cheek, and still infuriated by blind passion. The fellow lay motionless, his face upturned to the sky, but invisible except in dim outline. It did not seem possible he could actually be dead; I had struck blindly, with no knowledge as to where the keen blade had penetrated—a mere desperate lunge. I rested my ear over his heart, detecting no murmur of response; touched the veins of his wrist, but found there no answering throb of life.

Still dazed and uncertain, I arose staggering to my feet, conscious at last that the man must actually be dead, yet, for the moment, so surprised by the discovery as to scarcely realize its significance. Not that I regretted the act, not that I experienced the slightest remorse, yet, for an instant, the shock seemed to leave me nerveless and unstrung. Only a moment since I was engaged in desperate struggle, and now I could only stare down at the dark lines of that motionless body outstretched upon the sand.

Then I remembered those others—the unconscious sleepers on the deck of the sloop; those blood-stained villains creeping toward them thru the black shadows of the night. The memory was like a dash of water in the face. With the death-dealing knife still gripped in my hand, I raced forward along the narrow strip of sand, reckless of what I might encounter, eager only to arrive in time to give utterance to a shout of warning.

I could not have covered more than half the distance when the first sound of attack reached me—far-off, gurgling cry of agony, which pierced the darkness like the scream of a dying soul. The heart leaped into my throat, yet I ran on, unhalted, unseen, until the planks of the wharf were beneath my feet, the low side of the sloop looming black before me. There was confusion aboard, the sounds of struggle, mingled with curses and blows. With one upward swing of my body I was safely

The Next Instant I Was in a Bear's Grip, the Very Breath Crushed Out of Me; Yet, by Some Chance, My One Arm Remained Free, and I Drove the Sharp Steel Into Him Twice Before He Forced the Weapon From My Fingers.

The Story From the Beginning—Summarized for New Readers

Away back in our Colonial days, long before General Washington and his brave armies freed the thirteen Eastern States from British rule, in the days when human slavery was a world-wide institution and piracy and lawless doings were rampant on land and sea, the big full-rigged brig Romping Betsy of Plymouth sailed from England with a small group of passengers, a large amount of gold coin and two score of white men sentenced to penal servitude in America for participation in a rebellious affair in England known as the Monmouth uprising.

The prisoners, rough men mostly and of various nationalities, were doomed to be sold from the block in Virginia and Maryland, for work on tobacco plantations mostly, but half a dozen or more had succumbed during the long voyage across the Atlantic. Among the more intelligent of these convicted men was

GEOFFRY CARLYLE, of the Carlyles of Bucclough, prominent and titled persons, Geoffry's brother being a duke. Years ago Geoffry had quarreled with his family and become a rover of the seas, until he was finally known as Captain Carlyle, master mariner. Among the few passengers was

ROGER FAIRFAX, a wealthy Virginia planter, who had disposed of large shipments of tobacco in England and was returning with thousands of pounds in British gold. Accompanying him was his niece,

DOROTHY FAIRFAX, who had made the voyage over and back for pleasure and a brief sojourn in merry England. Also among the passengers was

LIEUTENANT SANCHEZ, a Spaniard apparently, quite a gay fellow, and very much in love with Dorothy if one could judge by his conduct. However, to Haley, one of the prisoners and an old sailor, the lieutenant, as he called himself, resembled very closely a notorious buccaneer known in South Atlantic waters as "Black Sanchez," one of the cruelest pirates that ever scuttled a ship. Early on their voyage Haley had made this much known to Carlyle.

Before the brig reached her Chesapeake port Dorothy had spoken kindly to Carlyle and had induced her uncle to bargain with the ship's commander for Geoffry's twenty years of servitude and the deal was consummated, thus saving the young Englishman, now 26 years old, from being sold from the block. Sanchez was much put out when told of the arrangement. He had intended to bid high for "that fellow," he told Dorothy.

Fairfax's party and belongings were transferred to the Adele, a goodly sized sloop owned by the planter, and everything was made ready for a trip up the Chesapeake to the Fairfax plantation. Sam, a negro, was glad to have Carlyle assist him at the steering wheel. Sanchez called Fairfax's attention to a mysterious bark-rigged ship lying at anchor on the Adele's port side, at some distance, as they neared Travers' place. The Adele approached the strange ship and found it was the Namur of Rotterdam. The Dutch skipper shouted his reasons for anchoring in such an unusual place—his crew were "West India niggers" and he could not trust them ashore—they might run away.

Carlyle told Fairfax that Sanchez had threatened him because of some trouble he had with Carlyle's brother, the Duke of Bucclough, in which the Spaniard had got the worst of it. Sanchez was also annoying Dorothy with his protestations of love, Carlyle said.

While the Adele was tied up for the night at the Travers plantation, and Dorothy and her uncle were guests of the Travers, four men approached the wharf in a small boat. Carlyle dropped over the Adele's side to investigate. The men in the boat spoke some Spanish in their low conversation. Sanchez and one or two others greeted the four men as they stepped ashore in the darkness. At last the swaggering foreigner was unmasked. Evidently some midnight devilry was under way.

The story began in No. 1, the Ledger for Jan. 7. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

aboard, knife still in hand, peering eagerly forward.

Thru the gloom concealing the deck, I could perceive only dim figures, a riot of men, battling furiously hand to hand, yet out of the ruck loomed thru the darkness in larger outlins than the others—Cochose, the negro. I leaped at the fellow, and struck with the keen knife, missing the heart, but plunging the blade deep into the flesh of the shoulder. The next instant I was in a bear's grip, the very breath crushed out of me, yet by some chance, my one arm remained free, and I drove the sharp steel into him twice before he forced the weapon from my fingers. Thru a wrestler's trick, altho my wrist was as numb as if dead from his fierce grip, I thrust an elbow beneath the brute's chin, and thus forced his head back, until the neck cracked.

This respite served merely for the moment, yet sufficiently long to win me a firm foothold on deck, and a breath of night air. He was too strong, too immense of stature. Apparently unweakened by his wounds, the giant negro, thoroly aroused, exerted his mighty muscles, and, despite my utmost effort at resistance, thrust me back against the stern rail, where the weight of his body pinned me helplessly. With a roar of rage he drove his huge face into my face, but happily was too close to give much force to the blow. My own hands, gripping the neckband of his coarse shirt, twisted it tight about the great throat, until, in desperation, panting for breath, the huge brute actually lifted me in his arms, and hurled me backward, headlong over the rail. I struck something as I fell, yet rebounding from this, splashed into the deep water, and went down so nearly unconscious as to make not even the slightest struggle.

I had no strength left in me, no desire to save myself, and I sank like a stone. And yet I came up once more to the surface, arising by sheer chance, directly beheath the small dory—which my body must have struck as I fell—towing by a painter astern of the sloop, and fortunately retained sense enough to cling desperately to this first thing my hands touched, and thus remained concealed.

This occurred thru complete exhaustion, rather than the exercising of any judgment, for, had it not been for this providential support, I would surely have drowned without a struggle. Every breath I drew was in pain; I felt as tho my ribs had been crushed in, while I had lost sufficient blood to leave me as weak as a babe. I simply clung there desperately, hopelessly, yet the salt water soon served to revive me physically, and even my brain began to arouse from its daze to a faint realization of the conditions.

The small dory to which I clung, caught in some mysterious current, floated at the very extremity of its slender tow-line, and in consequence the sloop appeared little more than a mere smudge, when my eyes endeavored to discover its outlines. Evidently the bloody work had been completed, for now all was silent on board. I could not even detect the sound of a footstep on the deck. Then, clear enough to be distinctly heard across the narrow strip of water, came the voice of Estada, in a gruff inquiry:

"So you are hiding here, Cochose? What are you looking for in the sea?"

"What? Why that d—d Englishman." The response was a savage growl, intensified by husky dialect. "Mon Dieu! He fought me like a mad rat."

"The Englishman, you say? He was here then? It was he you battled with? What became of the fellow?"

"He went down there, Senor. The dog stabbed me three times. It was either he or I to go."

"You mean you threw him overboard?"

"Ay, with his ribs crushed in, and not a breath left in his d—d body. He's never come up even—I've watched, and there has not been so much as a ripple where he sank."

The two must have hung in silence over the rail staring down. I dared not advance my head to look, nor even move a muscle of my body in the water, but both were still standing there when Estada finally gave utterance to an oath.

"How know you it was the man?"

"Who else could it have been? You have the others."

"Ay, true enough; yet it will go hard with you, Cochose, when the Captain learns of this—he would have the fellow alive."

"As well attempt to take a tiger with bare hands—see, the blood yet runs; a single inch to the left, and it would be I fed to the fishes. Pah! what is the difference, Senor, so the man dies?"

"Right enough, no doubt; anyway it is not I who must face Sanchez, and it is too late now to change fate. Let's to the rest of our task. You can still do your part?"

The giant negro growled.

"Ay; I have been worse hurt, yet a bit of cloth would help me."

"Let Carl see to that, while I gain a glimpse at this map of the house up yonder. Come forward with me to the cabin, till I light a candle. How came you aft here?"

"Because that fellow leaped the rail from the wharf. I saw him, and we met at the wheel."

"From the wharf, you say? He was not aboard then? Santa Maria! I know not what that may mean. Yet what difference, so he be dead. Anderson, Mendez, throw that carrion overboard—no, bullies, never mind; let them lie where they are, and sink an auger in the sloop's bottom. That will settle the whole matter. What is that out yonder, Cochose?"

"A small boat, Senor—a dory, I make it."

"Cut the rope, and send it adrift. Now come along with me."

THE darker loom of the sloop vanished slowly, as the slight current sweeping about the end of the wharf drifted the released boat to which I clung outward into the Bay. The faint echo of a voice floated to my ears across the widening expanse of water, and then all was silent as the night closed in darkly between. There was scarcely a ripple to the sea, and yet I felt that the boat was steadily drifting out into deeper water. I was still strangely weak, barely able to retain my grasp, with a peculiar dullness in my head, which made me fearful that at any moment I might let go. I was not even conscious of thinking, or capable of concentrating clearly my situation, yet I must have realized vaguely the immediate necessity of action, for finally I mustered every ounce of remaining energy in one supreme effort, and succeeded in dragging my body up out of the water over the boat's stern, sinking helplessly forward into the bottom. The moment this was accomplished every sense deserted me, and I lay there motionless, totally unconscious.

I shall never know how long I remained thus, the little dory in which I lay rocked aimlessly about by the waves, and constantly drifting in the grasp of unseen currents farther and farther out into the Bay. The blackness of the night swallowed us, as tossed by wind and sea, we were borne on thru the waste unguided. Yet this time could not have been great. As the awakening from sleep a faint consciousness returned, caused me to lift my head, and stare hopelessly about into the curtain of mist overhanging the water.

At first, with nothing surrounding to awaken memory into action, only that dull vista of sea and sky, my mind refused to respond to any impression; then the sharp pain of my wounds, accented by the sting of salt water, brought me swift realization of where I was, and the circumstances bringing me there. My wet clothing had partially dried on my body as I lay there motionless in the bottom of the boat, and now, with every movement, chafed the raw spots, rendering the slightest motion a physical agony. I had evidently lost considerable blood, yet this had already ceased to flow, and a very slight examination served to convince me that the knife slashes were none of them serious. Beyond these punctures of the flesh, while I ached from head to foot, my other injuries were merely bruises to add to my discomfort—the result of blows dealt me by Sanchez and Cochose, aggravated by the bearlike hug of the giant negro. Indeed, I awoke to the discovery that I was far from being a dead man; and, inspired by this knowledge, the various incidents of the night flashed swiftly back into my mind. How long had I been lying there unconscious, adrift in the open boat? How far had we floated from land? Where were we now, and in the meantime what had occurred ashore?

These were questions impossible to answer. I could not even attempt their solution. No gleam of light appeared in any direction; no sound echoed across the dark waste of water. Far above, barely visible thru a floating veil of haze, I was able to detect the faint gleam of stars, and was sailor enough to determine thru their guidance some certainty as to the points of compass; yet possessed no means by which to ascertain the time of night, or the position of the boat. With this handicap it was clearly impossible for me to attempt any return to the wharf thru the impenetrable black curtain which shut me in.

What, then, could I do? What might I still hope to accomplish?

At first thought the case appeared hopeless. Those fellows had swept the sloop clean, and had doubtless long ago scuttled it. This ruthless deed once accomplished, their orders were to raid the house on the bluff. But would they go on with their bloody work? They would suddenly find themselves leaderless, unguided. Would that suffice to stop them? The vivid memory came to me anew of that arch villain, Sanchez, lying there where I had left him, his head resting in the surf—dead. Would the discovery of his body halt his followers, and send them rushing back to their boat, eager only to get safely away? This did not seem likely.

Estada knew of my boarding the sloop from the wharf, and would at once connect the fact of my being ashore with the killing of Sanchez. This would satisfy him there was no further danger. Besides, these were not men to be easily frightened at the sight of a dead body, even that of their own captain. They might hesitate, discuss, but they would never flee in panic. Surely not with that ruffian Estada yet alive to lead them, and the knowledge that fifty thousand pounds was yonder in that unguarded house, with no one to protect the treasure but two old men asleep, and the women.

The women!—Dorothy! What would become of her? Into whose hands would she fall in that foul division of spoils? Estada's? Good God—yes! And I, afloat and helpless in this boat, what could I do?

CHAPTER IX.

A SWIM IN THE NAMUR.

ALL was black, hopeless; with head buried in my hands I sat on a thwart, dazed and stupified, seemingly even unable to think clearly. Before me, pleading, expressive of agonized despair, arose the sweet face of Dorothy Fairfax. Nothing else counted with me at that moment but her safety—the protecting her from the touch of that blood-stained brute. Yet how, and thru what means, could such rescue be accomplished? No doubt by this time all was over—the dead body of Sanchez discovered, the projected attack on the house carried out, the two old men left behind, either dead or severely wounded, and the girl borne off a helpless prisoner, together with the treasure of fifty thousand pounds.

Even if I knew where the drifting boat had taken me, which way to turn to once again attain the wharf, the probability remained that I should arrive altogether too late to be of slightest service—the dastardly deed had already been accomplished. Ay, but this I knew; there was only one place to which the villains might flee with their booty—the Namur of Rotterdam. Only on those decks, and well at sea, would they be safe, or able to enjoy their spoils. The thought came to me in sudden revelation—why not? Was not here a chance even yet to foil them?

With Sanchez dead, no man aboard that pirate craft would recognize me. I felt assured of this. I had fought the giant negro in the dark; he could not, during that fierce encounter, have distinguished my features any more clearly

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than I had his own. There was no one else to fear.

Altho I had been stationed at the wheel of the sloop as we swept past the Namur while at anchor the day before, yet Estada, watching anxiously for the secret signal of his chief, would never have accorded me so much as a glance. His interest was concentrated elsewhere, and, in all probability, he could not swear whether I was black or white. If others of that devilish crew had been secretly watching our deck it was with no thought of me; and not one of them would retain any memory of my appearance. If only I might once succeed in getting safely aboard, slightly disguised perhaps, and mingle unnoticed among the crew, the chances were not bad for me to pass undetected. No doubt they were a heterogeneous bunch, drawn from every breed and race, and in no small force either, for their trade was not so much seamanship as rapine and fighting. Such ships carried large crews, and were constantly changing in personnel. A strange face appearing among them need not arouse undue suspicion.

From what Estada had reported to Sanchez, I knew boats had been sent ashore on this coast. What more likely then than that some new recruit had returned to the bark, attracted by a sailor's tale? Who would know how the stranger came among them, or question his presence, unless suspicion became aroused? Even if questioned, a good story, easily told, might win the trick. Before daylight came, and already well at sea beyond pursuit, inconspicuous among the others, accepted as mate by the men, unrecognized even by the officers, there was scarcely a probability that any one aboard would note, or question my presence.

And I felt convinced I could locate the Namur. Ay, even in that darkness I could find the bark, if the vessel yet swung at her former anchorage. The task would not even be a difficult one. The stars gave me the compass points, and I recalled with some clearness the general trend of the coast line as we came up. But could I hope to attain the ship in advance of the returning party of raiders? To succeed in my object this must be done, because the moment these reached the deck the bark would hastily depart for the open sea. And if I was to accomplish this end it must be attempted at once. The call to action, the possibility of thus being of service to Dorothy, seemed instantly to awaken all my dormant energies; the painful chafing of my wounds was forgotten, while new strength returned miraculously to my bruised body. God helping me, I would try! My brain throbbed with fresh resolution—the call to action.

There were oars in the boat. I had noticed these dumbly before, but now I drew them eagerly forth from the bottom, and quickly fitted them into the oarlocks. They were stout, ashen blades, unusually large for the craft in which they had been stowed, yet workable. The boat itself was a mere shell, scarcely capable of sustaining safely more than three persons, but with lines of speed, its sharp prow cutting the water like a knife blade. I shipped the useless rudder inboard, and chose my course from the stars. The north star was completely obscured by thick clouds, but the great dipper gave me my bearings with sufficient accuracy.

To attain again to the west coast not far from where the great point projected outward into the Bay, and behind which the bark swung at anchor, required, according to my understanding of our present position, that I head the boat toward the southwest. I bent earnestly to the oars, and the speed of the craft was most encouraging, especially as my strength and energy seemed to increase with each stroke. My mind brightened also quite perceptibly, as the violent exercise sent the blood coursing anew thru my veins. Before I realized the change, I had become thoroly convinced that the course I had chosen was the wisest one possible.

It was wild, and desperate, to be sure. I was not blind to its danger, and yet nothing else offered any solution. The only probable chance now for me to prove of direct service to the captive girl lay in being near her while she remained with these men. If, by any good fortune, she had thus far succeeded in escaping from Estada and his gang of ruffians, I would learn this fact more surely aboard the Namur than in any other way; and, once assured as to this, could certainly find some means of early escape from the ship. While, if she was captured and taken aboard, as was most probable, for me to be left behind on shore would mean her total abandonment. Better any risk of discovery than that. To be sure I had no plan of action devised, no conception of how a rescue could be effected. Yet such an opportunity might develop, and my one hope lay in being prepared, and ready.

With the death of Sanchez, his second in command would undoubtedly succeed him; but would that be Estada, or would it be this other, the mulatto, Francois LeVere? More likely the former, for while buccaneers had operated under colored chiefs, a crew of white men would naturally prefer to be led by one of their own color. Indeed it was even possible that a controversy might arise, and a divided authority result. Discipline among such as these depended entirely on strength and ferocity. The most daring and resourceful became the chosen leaders, whose only test was success.

Perhaps, in the turmoil, and uncertainty, arising from a knowledge of Sanchez's death, and the jealousy thus aroused between those who would succeed him in command, I might discover the very opportunity I sought. These were some of the thoughts which animated me, and gave new strength to my arms, as I sent the dory flying thru the water.

MY BOAT, unguided, had drifted considerably farther out into the Bay than I had supposed, and it required a good half hour of steady toil at the oars before I sighted ahead of me the darker outlines of the shore. Nothing had crossed our path, and no unusual sound had reached my ears along the black water. If the Namur's boat had already returned to the bark, its passage must have been made during the period of my unconsciousness, and this seemed to me utterly impossible. The course I had followed thus far took me directly across the water which they would be compelled to traverse, and they could not have passed unnoticed. No, they were surely yet in the neighborhood of Travers' plantation.

The men engaged in that night's bloody business, would have been compelled to carry it out under many obstacles; they would be delayed by consternation at the discovery of their dead leader lying on the sand, and by their lack of knowledge regarding the interior of the house on the summit of the bluff.

Quite likely also this lack of a guide would result in an alarm, and consequent struggle, perhaps even in the serious injury of some among them before they secured possession of the money, and the girl. In any case it must have resulted in delay.

Convinced of this, and confident that I was already well in advance of them, I drew in as closely as I dared to the dim outline of shore, and studied it carefully, in an endeavor to learn my exact position.

Altho the sloop in its voyage up the Bay had never been out of sight of this coast, had indeed skirted it closely all the way, yet my memory of its more prominent landmarks was extremely vague. I had made no effort to impress them on my mind. Therefore at first I could identify nothing, but finally, out of the grotesque, shifting shadows, dimly appearing against the slightly lighter sky beyond, there suddenly arose, clearly defined, the gaunt limbs of a dead tree, bearing a faint resemblance to a gigantic cross.

I recalled that Sam had chanced to point this out to me on our upward voyage, and this glimpse obtained of it again now told me exactly where I had made shore. This peculiar mark was at the extremity of the first headland lying north of the point itself, and consequently a straight course across the Bay, would land me within five hundred yards of where the Namur had last been seen at anchor.

To a degree my immediate plan of action had been definitely mapped out within my own mind while toiling at the oars. At least I had arrived at certain conclusions. The one immediate object before me was to attain the bark in advance of Estada. I now was convinced that thus far I was safely ahead.

The night wind was light, and baffling, not greatly affecting my own progress, but of a nature to retard considerably the sail-boat, and compel a series of wide tacks, so as to enable those on board to round the point. All this distance I could avoid by beaching my dory, and striking out on foot directly across the narrow neck of land.

The Namur, unless her position had been changed since darkness set in, was not so far out from shore as to make swimming to her a dangerous feat; and I could approach and board her with far less chance of discovery in that manner, than by the use of a boat. The watch on deck would undoubtedly be a vigilant one, yet no eye could detect thru that darkness—unless by sheer accident—a submerged swimmer, cautiously advancing with silent strokes. The greater danger would come after I had attained the deck, wet to the skin.

The sharp bow of the dory ran up on the soft sand of the beach, and I stepped ashore, hauling the light boat after me beyond the reach of the waves. The night remained calm and still, altho the scudding clouds were thickening overhead, until scarcely a single star remained visible. The sea behind me was overhung by a black curtain, yet, by bending low, I could look along the surface for some distance where the heaving water reflected from wave to wave what little light there was.

The beach was a narrow one, and only a few feet away the neck of land became elevated into a leveled crest, thickly covered with trees, their upper branches dimly visible from where I stood. Judging from the trend of the coast, it would be necessary for me to strike directly across to the opposite shore, but in this journey special caution was not required. There would be no one in the midst of this desolate region to interfere with my progress, or be alarmed by any noise I might make.

Close to the shore as the Namur lay, no ordinary sound from the land could be heard aboard, even in the silence of night, nor was it likely the crew would be watchful in that direction. Unquestionably the entire attention of the deck watch at this hour would be concentrated on the expected return of their expedition around the distant point—seeking the glimpse of a white sail above the black water.

TO THE best of my recollection the bark floated with bow pointing toward the open sea. The sweep of the current about the point was inshore, making the drift of the vessel strong against the anchor hawser. This would naturally brink her with broadside to the eastward, from which direction the absent boat must return. If this proved correct then, in all probability, the deck watch would largely be gathered on that side, even the attention of the officer more or less drawn in that direction. No doubt they had orders to be ready for instant departure the moment the approaching boat was sighted, and the lookout for it would be keen.

It was, as I stood there, revolving these matters in my mind, with eyes endeavoring to pierce the surrounding darkness, ears strained to detect the slightest sound, that there came to me the first real consciousness of the reckless nature of this adventure upon which I had so lightly embarked. Surely it was but the dream of a crazed man, foredoomed to failure. As I faced then the probabilities, there scarcely seemed one chance in a thousand that any such scheme as I proposed would succeed. And yet I must admit there was the one chance; and in no other action could I perceive even that much encouragement.

If Dorothy Fairfax was already in the hands of these men, then my only opportunity for serving her lay in my being close at hand. No alternative presented itself; no other effort could be effective. It was already too late to attempt the organization of a rescue party; there was no warship on the coast, and the authorities of the Colony possessed no vessel fitted for pursuit. Long before daylight came; or I might hope to spread an alarm aboard, the Namur would be safely at sea. No, the only choice left was for me either to accompany the girl, or else abandon her entirely to her captors. I must either face the possibility of discovery and capture, which as surely meant torture and death, or otherwise play the coward, and remain impotently behind. There was no safe course to pursue.

I believed that I could play my part among the crew, once securely established among them; that I could succeed in escaping recognition even on the part of Cochose. If this was true, then, to a stout heart and ready hand, a way might open even aboard the bark to protect her from the final closing of the devil's jaws. I had nothing to risk but my life, and it had never been my nature to count odds. I would act

(Continued on Page 24.)

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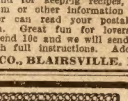

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A Page for the Woman in the Home

THE HOUSEWIFE'S WEEKLY ECONOMY CALENDAR

MAKING MID-WINTER TURKEYS PAY

WHEN we think of the cost of a turkey for Sunday dinner we usually think of it as serving only for the one meal. If, however, we subtract from the original cost the price of meat for two dinners and soup for another meal, then we need not feel that turkey is such an extravagance after all.

The experienced cook perhaps needs no suggestion as to ways and means of making left-over turkey into tempting dishes. But most of us profit by recipes tried and not found wanting by other housewives.

Here is a dish that is called Turkey Trot. It calls for about two cups of diced turkey, and the same amount of turkey gravy. To begin with put the gravy in a saucepan and stir until smooth, adding flour if necessary to make a fairly thick sauce. Now add a half clove and a shake of pepper and a tablespoon of butter. To this add about two tablespoons of sliced olives, a little grated lemon rind and a half teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce if you have it at hand. Now add the turkey and heat in a double boiler. This is good served on toast.

Turkey picked from the bones may be made into a loaf. This calls for three cups of the turkey and one cup of soft bread crumbs. The bread crumbs should be soaked in a half cup of hot milk and rubbed smooth. And this to the turkey with salt, pepper, chopped parsley to taste. Add two or three eggs, first the yolks and then the whites beaten stiff. Now turn this into a buttered baking pan or earthen dish and set in water in a moderate oven, cooking for about three-quarters of an hour.

From Old Stockings.

WHY spend money for a mop? Take six old stockings, cut the feet off, split open and cut in strips an inch wide within two inches of the hem, and put into a mop handle. This makes the finest kind of a dustless mop. A pair of children's ribbed stockings badly worn in the feet may be cut off to elbow length and hemmed. They make good sleeve protectors for the man who works in the factory, or for the woman working in the garden or about the house.

To Polish Silverware.

AN EASY way to polish silverware is to lay it in a pan where it can be conveniently spread out, cover it with sour milk, and let it stand a few hours. Take out and rub gently with dry cloth.

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TEN American women sculptors have been honored with membership in the National Sculpture Society.

Iodine Stains Removed.

IODINE spilled on delicate linen, lingerie or your nicest dress can be taken out easily without injuring the fabric by dipping in clear, soft water and hanging in the bright sunlight. Every particle of iodine will disappear if left in the sun a day or two.

To Make Imitation Honey.

USE four pounds of white sugar to a quart of water; let slowly come to a boil and skim. Add one-fourth ounce of pulverized alum. Remove from the fire and stir one-half ounce of cream of tarter and a tablespoon of rose extract. When cold it is ready for use.

Canned Goods.

WHEN you heat canned goods empty them from the can and heat them in a double boiler. Heated in the can, even tho put in water, there is often enough liquid in the can to cause enough steam for an explosion.

YOUR SUNDAY MENU

BREAKFAST.

Cereal and Cream.
Pineapple Fritters.
Coffee or Milk.

DINNER.

Roast Goose or Chicken.
Apple Sauce. Baked Onions.
Mashed Potatoes.
Celery Salad.
Hot Mince Pie.
Coffee.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.

Bouilly.
Cocoa. Fruit.
Cake.

PINEAPPLE FRITTERS.

Beat the yolk of an egg with half a cupful of milk and a pinch of salt. Add the stiffly beaten white and enough flour sifted with half a teaspoonful of baking-powder to make a thick batter. Dip drained slices of pineapple in the batter, fry brown in deep fat, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve.

CELERY SALAD.

Fill the crevices in a heart of celery with cream cheese, slice and cut fine, and serve on lettuce with French dressing.

BOUILLY.

Finely chop green peppers, from which the seeds have been removed; there should be two tablespoonfuls. Peel and finely chop onion; there should be one and one-half tablespoonfuls. Cook pepper and onion, three minutes, stirring constantly. Add one cupful of canned tomato pulp (from which all liquor has been drained) and cook five minutes; then add three-fourths of a pound of soft, mild cheese, cut in small pieces, three-fourths teaspoonful of salt, and a few grains of cayenne. When cheese has melted, add one egg beaten slightly and diluted with two tablespoonfuls of milk. Cook two minutes and serve on squares of bread toasted on one side, mixture being poured on the untoasted side.

Worn Spots.

IF A WORN spot is ruining the looks of an otherwise good rug, you can make the spot practically invisible by darning it with rug wool of the color of the rug or pattern.

Adds Pretty Touch to Teddy.

ORCHID ribbon, interlaced, adds a pretty touch to a crepe de chine teddy. The shoulder straps are adjusted by dainty slides.

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

BON JOUR! That is the way the Frenchwoman says "good day." If you and I tried to say it as a Frenchwoman and without practice, we would find our tongue in the way, our mouths and in fact our whole faces. For we Americans do not use the same face muscles in speaking as the people of other nations. Some nations scarcely use the lips at all and their languages sound as tho they were emanating from the inside of the mouth. The French use their lips almost more than any other nation. The tip of the Frenchwoman's tongue and her lips are excessively active in the speaking of her language.

A young gentlewoman with whom I am acquainted has come from Paris in the last few years and for her livelihood she teaches her native tongue to a great many Americans who are eager to gain a speaking knowledge of that language. For the first six months, what do you suppose she does with her classes? For not a word of French does she teach! "French history," perhaps you say; "French customs;" "French institutions;" "French government." No. "French geography?" No. "French industry," cries someone, exasperated. No to all.

But let us walk into any of her classes less than six months old. They all seem to be chewing; noiselessly, candylessly chewing! They draw their cheeks up pursing their lips, then draw the cheeks down by the force of the pursed-up lips, alternately relaxing, one, two, one, two, for ten minutes at a time.

Now they all utter something that sounds a little like eeee-uh and emit it with the exercises: eeee-uh; eeee-uh; eeee-uh. Can you account for such a proceedure as this? And yet it does the work. At the beginning of the next six months, there isn't one of them who could not say "denouement" as tho he were French.

Don't you think it would be a good system if English teachers used some such method with people from abroad? The latter might be given relaxing exercises of the face and mouth muscles to clear away the lip and tongue tightening on such letters as "a," for it is really this tightening that makes what we term a "foreign accent."

Next time I come, I want to tell you about some peculiar professors I have met here and in Europe. Some are so funny, some so ridiculous and some so human that I know they'll interest you, for they did me, and I'm one of you.

What Your Name Signifies

ANNE

(Anna, Anita, Nannette, Nancy, Hannah.)

THE charming simplicity of Anne is reached thru a piquant history. Its root is found in the Hebrew Chaanach, signifying favor, mercy, or grace, and first known as Hannah, mother of Samuel. Whether the British custom of dropping the preliminary "h" originated in those early days is not authentically substantiated, but certainly Hannah became Anna in a very short time. Quite erroneously, the name was confused by the Romans with their goddess Anna Perrennia, presiding deity of the circling year.

St. Anna was a favorite with the Byzantines from very early times. In the days of Christianity it reached its greatest fame when it became the name of the mother of the Blessed Virgin. Later, all of Europe adopted Anne with the exception of the Irish, who gave it the charming interpretation of Aine, meaning joy. Anne of Luxemberg took her name into England and there followed a long succession of Annes, of whom the best known were Anne Mortimer and Anna d'Este took it to Italy where the VIII.

It was given to France by the Breton heiress who was twice queen of the empire, and her Italian granddaughter, Anne d'Este took it to Italy where the custom of giving a religious feast to the Virgin and her mother gave rise to the coupling of the two names into Anna Marie or Marianne. Since then no name has undergone more varieties of endearment, considering that it is already so short that it scarcely lends itself to abbreviation.

Scotland calls her Annot. France has contributed numerous derivatives, of which Annette, Nannette, Nanon, Ninon, and Nichette are the most popular. Ana and Anita are the typically Spanish Anne; Annica, Nanna and Ninetta have been adopted by Italy. English derivatives are almost too many for mention here, but the most familiar are Annie, Ann, Nan, Nannie and Nancy.

It's a curious fact that the poets have neglected Anne as a subject for immortal verse. They have chosen rather her diminutives and written odes to Annie and Nannie and even to Annabel which is erroneously thought to mean "beautiful Anne," but has a totally different derivation. Anne, calm-eyed, gracious, exercising her prerogative of mercy with cool detachment is a wielder of power, not a sentimentalist.

Quite as cool and efficient is the gem which Anne and her feminine diminutives should wear as a talisman—amber. Everyone knows the curative and preventive qualities of the lovely transparent golden jewel. Its popularity among the Scandinavian peoples has extended to the whole world and its vogue is apparent in the jewelry shops of every country. Amber wards off illness and the jinx of bad luck. To dream of it, insures a safe voyage.

Next Week: Rosalind. Watch for It.

Emma Hanko on Foods

THE COOKING OF CABBAGE

CABBAGE is really at its best in the month of September, and the housewife who is wise will make good use of it around that time, because it is one of our best vegetables. As ordinarily cooked away from one's own home, cabbage is a gastronomic atrocity and a burden to the digestion of even strong people; but when rightly cooked, or when served as a slaw, it is delicious and no digestive disturbance is likely to follow its use.

Steamed cabbage served with butter, salt and pepper is a dish for an epicure and perfectly digestible. When steaming is impossible cabbage should be cooked in boiling water, with enough salt to make the former taste slightly salty. Young, tender cabbage will require about twenty minutes to cook thoroly; older mature heads will require longer, but seldom as long as an hour. Long cooking spoils the flavor, destroys the color, and makes the cabbage hard to digest. The amount of water required is determined by the amount of cabbage cooked—not a bit more should be used than is necessary to keep the vegetable from burning, and when the cooking is completed such liquid as remains in the kettle should be served, because it is laden with mineral salts. Failure to use this liquid makes of cabbage a food which supplies little more than mere roughage to our bodies.

Baked cabbage is also delicious. To prepare it cook the cabbage as before suggested, being careful not to prolong the cooking beyond what is necessary. Arrange in a baking dish, cover with crumbs, place in the oven and bake for half an hour. Longer baking destroys the freshness of the dish and has the same effect as prolonged boiling.

If half a cupful of grated cheese is added to each cupful of white sauce before it is poured over the cabbage, the dish may be served as a substitute for meat at dinner. Serve with it hard bread, baked potato, spinach, an apple or date pudding, or similar dessert, and you will have a delicious meal.

Next Week: Emma Hanko on Grapes.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 21, 23 and 26

The Inner Circle (Continued From Page 5)

and threw open the window, just as the watchman reached it from below.

The electric lights threw a white glare upon the grating and upon a human form huddled across it in a strange, unnatural shape. The light fell upon the livid face and staring eyes and upon the dark spot that married the whiteness of the open shirt bosom. Caruth drew his breath sobbingly. For the body was not that which he had feared to see.

The watchman bent and peered into the white face. "It's Wilkins, all right," he commented. "He didn't get far with that eighteen hundred of yours. Somebody must have been laying for him. They've turned his pockets inside out, and I guess they got it all right." Deftly he ran his hand over the body.

"Nothin' doing," he reported. "They've skinned him clean. Here, Mr. Caruth! The cops'll be here in a minute. I wish you'd chase down and put 'em wise."

CARUTH obeyed as he would have obeyed any behest of the stronger will. The situation had dazed him. An immense relief mingled with an immense terror; relief that his worst fears had not been realized; terror lest something even worse had happened in its stead. Wilkins was dead; presumably the woman still lived. But whose hand had struck the blow?

A swish of silk sounded in his ears, and he looked up. She was there before him, peering downward with curious, frightened eyes.

"Mr. Caruth," she called, in hushed tones. "Mr. Caruth! Has anything happened?"

"Yes!" Relief was in his voice. Her hearing was not that of a murderess.

"What is it?"

"I have no time to tell you. You must go. The police are coming, and you must not be seen. Hurry!"

The unsolved mystery of the girl's visit had grown blacker than ever, but he did not hesitate.

"Hurry," he repeated. "There isn't a moment to lose."

But the girl held back. "The letter," she pleaded. "I can't go without it."

"You must. I didn't want to tell you, but Wilkins has been murdered, and the police are coming. The letter is out of reach for the moment, anyhow. You must go at once. The police will be here in a moment." Me hurried her to the door and peered out. Bare and silent in the first break of dawn, the street stretched interminably away. No human being seemed to stir. But as he listened a far-away rumble grew on his ears.

"The patrol wagon!" he gasped. "This way! Quick! God help you!"

In an instant she was gone, hurrying swiftly down the street, with steps that did not falter. Caruth watched till he saw a man's figure step from the shadows to join her, and the two vanished around a corner. Then, sick at heart, as only the young can be when they find their heart's idol clay, he turned back to greet the police.

They were at his elbow—six of them—leaping from a wagon and hurrying forward. "What's doing?" demanded the foremost.

"Murder! On the third-floor fire-escape. The watchman is there."

The officer swung around. "On your way, boys!" he ordered. "Front and back!" He turned to Caruth. "Who did it?" he demanded.

If the young man hesitated, it was only for an instant. "I don't know," he answered. "It's my valet. He robbed me and fled. I discovered it a moment later, and started after him. He had disappeared. The watchman found his body. His pockets were empty. Some confederate must have been waiting for him."

The two men were alone in the hall. The other officers had all vanished, some thru the rear entrance; some up the stairs. The sound of running footsteps outside showed that others besides the police had been attracted by the clatter of the patrol.

The officer, used to scenes of excitement, and knowing the importance of ideas expressed before those in touch with tragedy had time consciously or unconsciously to mold their opinions, waited to ask one more question before he, too, hurried to the rear.

"Suspect anybody?" he demanded. "Seen anybody suspicious?"

Caruth looked him straight in the face. "No," he lied. "No, I've seen nobody. As I said, the man had robbed me, and I suppose some confederate killed him for his booty."

When the officer had gone, Caruth turned and with leaden feet climbed the weary stairs that led to his room. He did not stop at the third floor, nor go again to inspect the lump of pallid flesh that alone remained of his servant. In fact, for the time he had altogether forgotten Wilkins. The murder had driven the murdered man from his mind.

He had answered the officer on the spur of the moment, thinking only to shield the girl and not considering the possible—yes, probable—consequences. The words once said, he would have given worlds to recall them, and yet he knew that he would only have reiterated them, if given the chance.

He would have no such chance, however. The true tale of the night's events would have been preposterous enough at best. He could fancy how a hard-headed American jury would have listened to it, and how even a fourth-rate lawyer would have proved its impossibility. But, at all events, in telling it, he would have been telling the truth and would have had the consciousness of rectitude to support him. This solace, however, he had put far from him. He had lied and he must lie again and again.

Why had he done it, he asked himself with dazed wonder. He owed the girl nothing. She had forced herself on him, had cajoled him, and had finally fled, leaving him to bear the brunt of her crime—hers or her accomplice's. He had done all she asked, had aided her meekly, and at the end had placed himself in shameful jeopardy without even being asked to do so. Harshly he laughed as he thought of it.

Then he threw out his hands. "There's no use in thinking," he muttered. "I'm a fool—but it's stronger than I am. I must go on to the end—and lie and lie and lie."

CHAPTER V.

AFTER all, matters went off very quietly. The murder of James Wilkins caused a surprisingly small sensation. Caruth had told a straight story, which was accepted at its face value. According to him, he had come late and had sat down to smoke before going to bed. He had laid some money—about eighteen hundred dollars in bills—on the table beside him. Wilkins had been moving about and had seen the money and after a moment had left the room. When Caruth looked for the money an instant later, it had disappeared. He had hurried downstairs in hope of catching the man, and with the aid of the night-watchman had found his body. On looking up the references Wilkins had brought him, he had found that they were forged. He suspected, therefore, that the man had entered his service with sinister intent, and had been murdered by a confederate who had come to join him in the robbery.

He felt no compunctions so far as Wilkins was concerned; the man had really stolen the money, by whatever particular name the law branded his act.

To Caruth, this tale seemed very lame, but, to his astonishment, no one questioned it.

The money borrowed from him by the so-called Miss Fitzhugh had been returned the afternoon after the crime in the form of a money order sent by mail about as clever a way of combining safety in transmission with concealment of the sender as could well be contrived. Clearly the girl did not desire to continue the acquaintance.

Caruth did! As soon as he dared, he began to seek her. His search began at the steamship offices. He first examined the passenger list of the Latourette, the vessel on which Miss Fitzhugh had claimed to have arrived, only to find that her name was not there. Less hopefully, he examined the lists of the vessels sailing from New York during the week that had elapsed since the murder, but found no trace of her. Finally something happened that determined him to enlist the aid of Joe Bristow, a newspaper man of his acquaintance.

Bristow was ship-news reporter of the Consolidated Press. His duties required him to remain at Quarantine so long as any steamship was likely to arrive there. Ordinarily he left for the city at 5 or 6 o'clock in the afternoon, but if one of the great liners reported itself by wireless as intending to make port that night, he had to remain to see what news and passengers she had brought. Few steamships reached New York without being boarded by him, and few important visitors entered port without being interviewed by him. He, if any one, would be likely to know if anybody answering Miss Fitzhugh's description had arrived recently.

Caruth, who knew him slightly as the occupant of a small apartment high up in the Chimneystack Building, took the first opportunity that afforded to accost him and to invite him into his apartment.

Bristow accepted readily, tho a faint smile curved his lips, as if some secret idea were stirring in his mind. He did not know Caruth very well, tho he had frequently passed the time of day with him, and he had never before been asked to join the young fellow. Newspaper men are apt to grow cynical, and Bristow had learned to suspect the motives of those who sought him out.

Caruth led his guest to his den, and placed the decanters before him. Then, thru the wreaths of tobacco smoke, he put his question, leading up to it with what he believed to be commendable astuteness.

Bristow listened quietly; then he answered one question with another. "The Latourette?" he repeated. "Yes, she arrived at 3 o'clock on the night of March 5. Her mails and two of the passengers were brought up to the city on the mail tug. Let's see—that was the night your valet was murdered, wasn't it?"

Caruth blanched slightly. The reporter's inquiry was probably only casual, but it might put the old fox on. Perhaps he had erred in consulting this keen-faced newspaper man. However, there was nothing to do but to go on.

"Yes," he answered steadily. "It was the same night."

Bristow nodded. "I saw the lady," he stated reflectively. "She was a looker all right. She had deep violet eyes and dark hair with a glint in it. She spoke English perfectly, but there was something foreign about her." He paused and knocked the ash from his cigar. "I came up on the tug with her," he added casually.

"Yes? And her name? I—I—have reasons for wanting to know."

Bristow smiled inscrutably. "I don't doubt you have," he answered dryly, "and, as it happens, I can probably give you some information. The question is whether I shall do it."

Caruth colored. "I don't understand you, Mr. Bristow," he syllabled anxiously.

"Probably not. I will try to explain."

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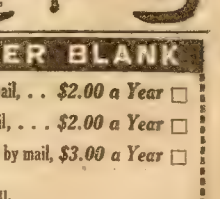

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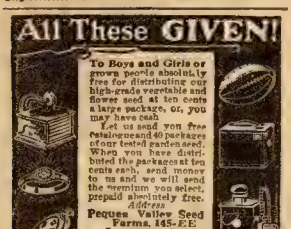
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The reporter tossed his cigar into the fire and leaned back in his chair. "Isn't it curious how things fit in together?" he began reflectively. "Life is a mosaic made up of hundreds of separate facts. Each belongs in one place and only in one. Until rightly fitted, the whole is an unintelligible jumble. But when fitted, we see that they are all parts of one design. I am interested in Russia and Russians. My work has compelled me to be; some of the best 'stories' I have gotten for the Consolidated Press have had to do with Russia. I am well acquainted in the Russian colony here. Professor Shishkin, the distinguished Russian scientist, is a great friend of mine. I'm telling you this so that you may understand why I was interested in this woman about whom you are inquiring. My interest did not decrease when she took a cab at the Battery and told the cabman to drive her to this building."

Caruth gasped, but said nothing.

"When I returned home after midnight," went on the reporter, "the elevator had stopped running, and I had to walk up the stairs. Your door was ajar as I passed it, and I distinctly heard a woman's voice—and yours. It was none of my business, and I went on upstairs and to bed. The next morning I heard about your valet's murder, and noticed that you said nothing about a visitor in your flat, yet a woman must have been there when your man fled; in fact, I suspect that he had left your door open in his fight only a moment before I passed up the stairs. Your inquiry seems to bring all these facts into a somewhat curious consonance."

Caruth was breathing hard. "Well?" he asked. "What are you going to do about it?"

The reporter hesitated. "I don't know," he answered at last, frankly. "It all depends! But I want you to understand one thing, Mr. Caruth; I am not a police reporter nor a yellow sensation reporter.

"My duty to the Consolidated Press does not call on me to solve murder mysteries, nor to pry into scandals. I don't know you very well, nor what you are capable of in a pinch. For the matter of that, nobody does know what a man is capable of—not even himself. I've seen too many unexpected manifestations of virtue and of crime to judge lightly. That is why I have kept silent, tho I knew you were holding back something about this murder. I don't think tonight's developments will lead me to change my course, tho I cannot be certain. If you have any explanation to make, I shall be glad to hear it. I shall not make a newspaper story out of it, and I shall not repeat it without grave cause. More than this I cannot promise."

ABRUPTLY Caruth made up his mind. He threw away his cigar and leaned forward. "I'll tell you the whole story," he declared. "I don't know whether you'll believe it or not. Probably I shouldn't believe it myself if any one else told it to me. It seems too preposterous to talk about plots and terrorists and all that here in New York."

"Not at all," Bristow smiled. "New York is a hot-bed of plots. Probably nine-tenths of all the political plots in the world were hatched here and hereabouts. Just consider a moment! Anybody can plot in this country in perfect safety; and there are plenty of plotters handy. Is it a Russia plot? New York is the second largest Russian city in the world. It has thousands upon thousands of dwellers who have been driven out of Russia at the blow of the knout. Is it a German one? Berlin is the only city in the world holding more Germans than New York. Is it an Italian one? There are more Italians in and around New York than there are in Rome. Plots? Why, New York reeks with plots and plotters! Men lay their schemes, raise their funds, choose their emissaries, and a month or so later something happens in Europe—it may be the murder of a king. But it started here, beneath our noses."

"But if there are so many plots, why are there so few results? We seldom hear——"

"Because if plotters are safe here, so are spies. Every European government maintains an army of spies in this country. Every assemblage of plotters has one or more traitors in the pay of those who are menaced. It's as broad as it's long. But go on with your story. I only wanted to assure you that it will have to be a very remarkable plot to surprise me."

"All right. I think it will, nevertheless," Caruth went on, narrating the events of the night.

When he had finished the reporter smiled curiously. "You concealed all this from the police," he said. "Why?"

Caruth colored. "It—it isn't a thing that one tells to just any one," he stammered. "But—well, I suppose it sounds foolish to you, but—I love her."

The reporter did not smile. "Foolish?" he echoed gently. "Why foolish? Love is not foolishness. It's madness, perhaps, but not foolishness. Good Heavens! Do you think one can be a newspaper man and see daily the broad trail of joy and sorrow, blood, death, ruin, happiness, rapture, and all the rest of it that love marks athwart the path of human life, and think it foolishness? Why, man love means life! It means the preservation of race! It means evolution. It is the one great primal passion. No, Mr. Caruth, never expect a newspaper man to laugh at love. He has seen too much of it. Of course, I knew that must be your reason for screening the woman. But do you think she killed him?"

Caruth shook his head emphatically. "She couldn't," he declared. "Wilkins took the money and fled. He must have been out on that fire-escape and down to the place where he was killed before I left the room. This is the eighth floor; he was found on the third. He must have gone there by himself. No one could have carried his body there—not possibly! And it is preposterous to suppose that he went down to the third floor and waited there for her to overtake and murder him. No! She couldn't have done it."

"An accomplice?"

Caruth threw up his hands. "Very likely," he groaned. "And yet how could an accomplice know that Wilkins had gotten away with the letter before she knew it herself? She made no signal; she had no reason to make any. How could an accomplice know?"

"Let's see!" Bristow looked around the room. "You were sitting in this room, were you not? My dear fellow, can't you really answer your own question?"

Caruth shook his head hopelessly.

Bristow laughed at him. "Look thru the sliding doors behind you," he said. "What do you see cutting across the upper left-hand corner of the window at the back?"

Caruth looked, then rose to his feet. Chagrin was pictured on his features. "Do you know," he admitted disgustedly, "I never realized that that infernal fire-escape crossed my window. There is such a little piece of it that——"

"There is quite enough to permit a man to peer into your rooms. No doubt the murderer was watching there, and when Wilkins tried to escape by that route he found death waiting him."

"But—but—how did the spy know that Wilkins had changed the letters?"

"Perhaps he didn't know it. Perhaps he was a mere thief who killed for money, or perhaps he saw the shift which was made too deftly for you to notice; or perhaps the girl signaled him."

Caruth protested. "She couldn't, I tell you!" he cried. "The time element——"

"Oh, I don't think she did. I am merely citing possibilities. I don't think she did, and I am free to admit that I really believe that Wilkins got only what he was fishing for. He was clearly a thief, and he seems to have been playing a dangerous game and to have lost out. I certainly do not feel called upon to take any steps to avenge him But the girl is a different matter. You want to find her. Why?"

"I told you. Because I love her."

"I understand that. But what then? You can't possibly marry her!"

Caruth flushed. He looked very boyish to the reporter, who, scarcely older in years, was infinitely his senior in man-making experiences and responsibilities. Boyish, Caruth was without doubt, but American boys possess possibilities of rapid development that amaze the older people of the globe.

"Can't I?" he answered, between his teeth. "Perhaps not. But if she is free, I mean to try. Anyhow, I must see her. I must. You said you might be able to help me!" he finished, with a boyish appeal in his voice.

The reporter rose and took up his hat. "I can give you some information," he admitted. "Whether it will help you is another question. You have been assuming, I believe, that the lady is a nihilist, or terrorist, or whatever they may call themselves?"

"Yes. Is she not?"

"God knows! She may be. On the other hand, she may be an agent of the Russian government, or she may be playing for her own hand. Europe breeds plenty of men and women—aristocrats to their fingertips—who are driven by poverty to shady ways. Until the bloom is rubbed off, they are the most dangerous rogues living. Scarers of proud names, masters of every social grace, apparently with everything to commend them, and yet rotten to the core. Europeans spot them and weed them out after a while, but we Americans are always fair game. I don't say your Miss Fitzhugh is one of these—but she may be. An angel face is often part of a stock in trade. Be wise, Mr. Caruth. This woman has taken herself out of your life. Let her go!"

But the young fellow shook his head. "I won't believe any evil of her," he muttered, "and, anyway, I must find her."

The reporter shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, very well, then," he said. "You're old enough to decide for yourself. You will find her at the Woman's Hotel. She is staying there."

CHAPTER VI.

THE event that had driven Caruth to seek Bristow's aid was the appearance of a man who called himself Tom Wilkins and claimed to be a brother of the deceased valet.

Tom Wilkins was a tall, well-built, red-faced individual with a projecting chin and small, sharp eyes. He bore a general resemblance to his brother James, but his eyes had a fiery gleam that Caruth had never noticed in those of his late valet. Perhaps the difference came by nature and perhaps by training; or perhaps there was no difference, the valet having merely hidden his soul behind discreetly down-dropped lids Since he had played the trick that had led to his death Caruth had been very uncertain as to his real character.

But he was in little doubt concerning that of Tom Wilkins. The man, he decided almost at first glance, was distinctly dangerous. Years of life in the West had rubbed away any smugness that might have characterized him in early life, and had made him bold and aggressive. The quickly arising necessities of the frontier had developed him, implanting the impowring power of quick decision and action, until it was almost automatic. Caruth had never known a Western "bad man," but he felt instinctively that Tom Wilkins would fall into that category.

On his first visit to the Chimneystack Building, Wilkins had said little to Caruth, but that little had been calculated to disturb the younger man, and show him how thin was the ice over which he was skating.

"There ain't been no special affectation lost between me and Jim," he declared. "I ain't laid eyes on him for years. Jim stayed here in the effete East and played the human doormat; I went West and played pretty nearly everything and everybody in reach. Once in so often I'd hear of a chance in stocks or horses or something that Jim could use, and I'd put him wise about it. Now and then Jim would learn of something that I could use, and he'd put me wise. Jim cat-footed thru life, and I bulled thru. We played into each other's hands reasonably well."

"Yes?"

"Yes! I got sort of tired last month, an' made up my mind to emigrate. I had a bunch of sheep over on the Gunnison

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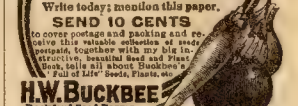
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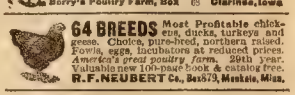
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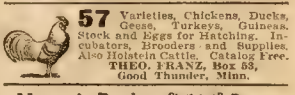
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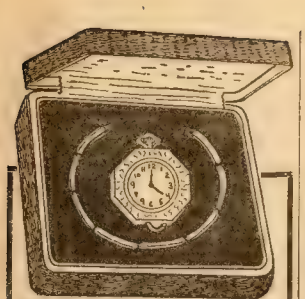

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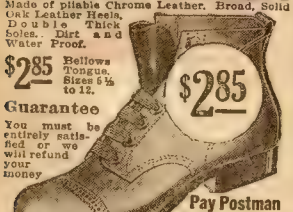

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that I'd been herdin', and I was yearning for the company of something that wouldn't say 'baa' whenever you addressed 'em. Playing collie to a bunch of muttons ain't what it used to was when shepherds carried crooks and wore loose effects, and I found it mighty monumentous and unsatiated, so I shakes the joint and lines out for Denver, and there I finds a letter from Jim telling me to come to New York P. D. Q. So I comes, and gets here to find he got croaked just about the time his essay was postmarked. How about it?"

As gently as he could, Caruth repeated the gist of his tale concerning the theft of the money and the murder. It was a somewhat delicate matter to tell this violent-looking individual that his brother was a thief, and Caruth stumbled more or less over the details.

Wilkins, however, did not seem worried. "I never thought Jim would go into the hold-up business," he commented, "especially for a measley eighteen hundred dollars. Maybe you don't know it, but Jim was gettin' tolerable plethoric. He was mighty saving and propinquous, Jim was; and he had some property out West—maybe ten thousand dollars' worth. I'm his heir, and as I ain't been in noways intimidated with him, of course, I ain't inconsolable about his decease, nor I ain't pretendin' to be. But this hold-up story don't explain none about that letter from Bill that he sent me."

Caruth's heart stopped for an instant; then raced madly. "What letter?" he questioned, as calmly as he could.

"This one." Wilkins drew a paper from his pocket. "Jim inclosed it with a note of his own. He says: 'Come at once. Millions in sight, but mighty dangerous. Bill's letter explains.' Bill's letter is monumentous—mighty monumentous; but it ain't to say illuminatin'. Maybe Jim forgot to send the key. I s'pose you don't know anything about it?"

Caruth thought for a moment. To cover his pause, he poured out a drink and shoved the bottle across to Wilkins, who promptly followed his example.

"Perhaps I do," he said at last. "About an hour before your brother's flight, a special delivery letter arrived here from some place in Europe. It was addressed to me, but when I opened it, I found it inclosed another, stained and rumpled, which was addressed in my care. The name of the person for whom it was intended had been washed out. Your brother saw it and claimed it was for him. He asked me to open it and see if it was not addressed to 'Jim' and signed 'Bill.' I found that it was, and gave it to him. Perhaps that is the letter he sent you."

"I reckon it is. And you don't know nothing more about it?" I don't s'pose Jim showed it to you. But he might have intimidated something about it. You don't know nothin' at all?" Plainly the Westerner was disappointed.

"Nothing."

"Well, I'll tell you unequivalent, Mr. Cahuth! I don't believe Jim robbed you none. Jim warn't a d—n fool; none whatever! An' nobody but a d—n fool would rustle that money the way you think he did.

"I'm apostrophizing that the same parties stole it that did for Jim. An' I've got an idea they croaked him to get this here crypto cable. I'm gamblin' that it's worth a good deal more'n any eighteen hundred dollars, if a man could only elusivate it. Sure you don't know nothin' more about it?"

"No!" Caruth's lips were dry and his tones were not convincing.

The big plainsman studied him for a moment. "Well," he said, "I've told you how I feel. Jim's dead, and I don't say I'd go out of my way to envenom him. But I do say that I want some light on this missive, and I'm going to have it. And if anybody gets hurt in consequence of my sloshing around, it won't be my fault. You said you didn't know no more about it, didn't you?"

Caruth jumped up, white but viciously looking. "That's the third time you've asked me that," he exploded. "Do you mean to insinuate——"

"Not at all! Not the least bit in the world. I'm just theologizing. You've treated me square, and I ain't dangerous to nobody who does that. But I'm excitin' over that letter. I wouldn't mind doing the ingenious thing by anybody that helped me to guess it."

The frown faded from Caruth's lips, and an expression of thought took its place. "I'm too much in the dark to help you much," he parried.

Without the least hesitation, the plainsman thrust forward the letter. "Maybe this'll help you," he suggested. "This here is a copy. I've got the aborigional cached where it'll be safe. But this is all to the accurate except that it's got two or three names of places left out. I ain't givin' the whole thing away, you understand."

Caruth took the letter with a hand that trembled in spite of himself. He did not want to read it; to do so seemed a sort of dishonor—a lack of consideration for the desires of Miss Fitchugh On the other hand, it would be madness to let slip what might very well be his only chance to acquaint himself with a letter she had bought and paid for and with facts that might spell life and death to him and to her.

His uncertainty must have showed in his face, for the other encouraged him. "Go 'long!" he said. "Read it. It won't bite none."

Caruth opened the letter. It read as follows:

Dear Jim:

There's been a fight and everybody on board is dead or dying. The Orkney is sinking, and we're all due to drown if we live long enough. It was the gold. A million pounds and more. Petroff told us about it, and we jumped the officers. They fought hard, but we worried 'em down. Then the second mate fired the magazine. Petroff and I are fixing the bottle. We are in the . . . between. . . . Get the gold if you can. No more from,

Your Brother,

BILL.

Caruth's hands dropped, and he looked up. His cheeks were white. So this was the explanation? The girl's quest was for gold. The letter she sought contained not, as he had inferred, the names of revolutionists, but information as to the whereabouts of gold that seemed already to have cost many men their lives.

He turned to Wilkins, who had waited patiently for him to speak. "I can't help you offhand," he declared, "but perhaps I may be able to do so later. Your brother's room is vacant. Suppose you occupy it tonight, and meanwhile I will see what I can learn." And if I were you, I should keep that letter to myself."

The man's lips curled contemptuously "Don't you worry about me none!" he responded grimly. "I ain't takin' no chances. Copies of this here letter would would go to half a dozen newspapers mucho pronto. An' I judge that would queer the game some for folks that did for Jim."

It was this interview that had caused Caruth to consult Bristow and to tell that clever newspaper-man a great deal more than he had dreamed of doing when he began.

It now looks as if Tom Wilkins, the loquacious Westerner, is to play a leading part in the recovery of the sunken Orkney's gold, if it is to be recovered. And from what we have already seen of him, he seems not the kind of a man to backwater or yield to the peremptory demands of any individual or group of the same who walk the earth, be they nihilists, cutthroats or alluring members of the fair sex. He would probably consider the last named the most dangerous. Anyway, the sheep-rancher holds the master-key to the big enterprise—Jim's letter. More about it in next week's Ledger.

Radium in Czechoslovakia.

MINES owned by the republic of Czechoslovakia at Jachymov., Bohemia, are turning out uranium ore with a large radium content, according to a report made to the Department of Commerce from Prague by Trade Commissioner Breed. Altho the radium production in the United States is greater as to quantity, he asserts, the ores of Jachymov are richer in quality.

"The known supply of radium in the Jachymov district will last for twenty years at the present rate of production," Mr. Breed says. "As there are three large mines, which are not yet prospected as to depth, and in which the veins of ore widen as they are followed deeper, it is certain that the mining of radium will continue for much more than twenty years at Jachymov.

"The Jachymov mines passed in 1912 into the possession of the Austro-Hungarian government. They have now become the property of the Czechoslovak republic. The annual quantity of radium produced amounts to about two grams. The net profits to the government in 1913 were about 1,000,000 Austrian crowns. The net profits anticipated for the current year is about 3,500,000 crowns, which, of course, has less foreign exchange value than the pre-war profits. The price of one grain of radium in the home market in 1913 was 558,000 crowns. Today the price of one gram is about 10,000,000 crowns."

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"THE moderate drinker," said William N. Anderson, the prohibition leader of New York, "is usually some such type as Peleg Mannesman.

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"Never drink too much," old Peleg concluded. "Be a moderate drinker like me, boy."

"'But, father,' said the young man, 'how can I tell when I've had enough and when I've had too much?'

"Old Peleg Mannesman pointed out of the window.

"'Do you see those two women standing on the corner?' he said. 'Well, if you saw four women there you've had too much—you'd be drunk.'

"'But, father,' said the young man, 'there's only one woman there.'"

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"Certainly!" replied the diner. "Catch me a Limburger!"

The waiter made a grab at the sideboard and seized one in the nick of time.

"Now catch me a Gorgonzola!" said the diner.

Grappling with it violently the waiter brought it over.

"Now," said the diner, "let 'em race across the table to me and I'll take home the winner."

The Ubiquitous Female.

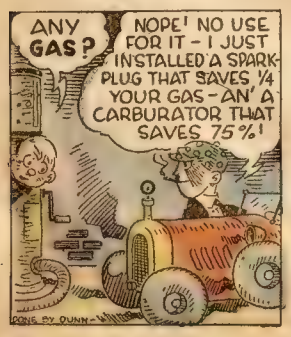
She (during argument)—You must not forget that Truth is a woman.

He—Well, so is untruth, for that matter.

She—What do you mean?

He—You've heard of Mis-represent, haven't you?

SOLID IVORY



SPECIFIC AT LAST

More than once the editor of a paper had had occasion to send warnings of a forthcoming discharge to a certain country correspondent who persistently neglected to use names in his stories. That the warnings were not without effect was evidenced with the receipt of this dispatch:

"Yesterday afternoon a severe storm struck this place. Lightning struck a barb-wire fence on the place of Hosea Gilkins, killing three cows, their names being Mary, Lulu and Harriet."

"Tact."

Sir Charles Biron, London's chief magistrate, once gave a lecture on "Tact," and incidentally related a story of a Scottish minister who on one occasion thus addressed a condemned criminal: "Donald, mon, the gallows are ready, the hangman's ready, the rope's ready—are ye ready?"

Fussy Frivolity.

"Why do seem so fussed?"

"Oh, I always feel self-conscious in an evening gown."

"Sort of all dressed up and no place to go?"

"No. . . . Nothing on for the evening."

New Use for Him.

Pained Customer—I believe you keep a good cutter on the premises?

Tailor—Yes sir; certainly, sir. One of the best.

Pained Customer—Well, you might put him on to cut down this bill you sent me last week.

Good at Pinochle.

"You have to pay your hired hands a great deal of money."

"More'n I could afford," said Farmer Cortassel, "if me and my boy Josh didn't get some of it back playing pinochle with 'em every Saturday night."

HE VANISHED

The young man on the train, observing that the handsome girl across the aisle was looking at him very intently, thought he had made an impression and in a few moments he changed his seat to the vacant one beside her.

"Haven't we met before somewhere?" he ventured to ask.

"Well, I'm not quite sure," she replied, "but I think you are the man I saw hanging around the night our automobile was stolen."

The young man vanished into the smoking car, amid the snickers of those who had overheard them.

Both Couldn't Go.

"Honey," said the colored suitor, "when we gets married you ain't gwine to give up dat good job you has workin' for de white folks, is you?"

"But ain't we gwine to have no honeymoon an' take a trip on de train somewhere?"

"One of us might go, honey. Dey ain't a thing holdin' me, but you's got 'sponsibilities."

Riddance.

"Why should his constituents insist on sending such an obstreperous man to Congress?" exclaimed the statesman.

"The question seems fair enough," said Senator Sorghum. "And yet, on the other hand, why should his neighbors defeat him and keep him hanging around his home town?"

Another Wonder.

Perfectly Respectable Citizen—I am taking my boy to the Wonderland Museum.

Perfect Bonehead—Great Scott! Is that so? What is there peculiar about him?

A Great Day.

"Had a great day at the golf club yesterday."

"Lowered your score, eh?"

"No. Better than that. Stuck the club tightwad for the lunches."

Handicap.

"Pa, what is a handicap?" asked William.

"Oh, it's just any old cap that happens to be handy when you want it in a hurry," replied Pa.

DOESN'T SHOW IT OFF.

A pretty girl
Who has the shape,
You'll find, just hates
To wear a cape.

More Important.

Dancing Master—You must watch your feet to learn these new steps.

Percy—Oh, don't mind the steps, just teach me the new holds.

No Argument Here.

Mr. Henpeck—I am thinking of taking a cottage hereabouts.

Farmer—But don't you think the climate would disagree with your wife?

Mr. Henpeck—Disagree!—it wouldn't dare.

Natural.

Jud Tunkins says he never yet saw a man who seemed favorable to war who wasn't beyond the draft age or physically exempt.

Short of Help.

Sambo, in Heaven, had just got Rastus, far below, on the asbestos ouija board.

"Hello, Rastus. How you gettin' along?"

"Oh, I'se havin' a fine time. Don't haf to work much; jest shovel in some coal now and then. How you-all?"

"I'se workin' purty hard. We haf to sweep up de clouds, pull in de stahs, switch on de light, an' give de ole sun a shove every mornin'."

"How come you-all have so much work to do?"

"Well, sah, to tell the truth, we're kinda short o' help up heah."

Her Busy Day.

The Supervisor—Why did you give that party the busy signal? There was no one on the line.

The Operator—I was busy—doing my nails.

QUITE RIGHT

Mrs. Smith, imbued with the New Year spirit of neighborly interest in a woman recovering from an attack of influenza, said to her little son:

"Willie, dear, just run over and ask how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

Willie returned within a few minutes looking crestfallen.

"Well, have you seen Mrs. Brown?" the mother asked.

"Yes; and she said I was to tell you that it is none of your business how old she is."

Setting Him Right.

Young Husband (tapping on door of hotel room in which he supposed he had left his bride a few minutes before)—Honey, O Honey?

Voice From Within (not his wife's)—Go away! This isn't a beehive!

Never.

Mrs. Maloney—Twins be a great misfortune.

Mrs. Finnerty—Shure they be, an' wan o' thim misfortunes that niver come single.

Legal Inquiry.

"Now tell the jury," sternly demanded the young legal luminary in a threatening tone, addressing the cowering witness, "what was the weather, if any, upon the afternoon in question?"

ASKING TOO MUCH

"I DON'T want to eat this egg, it's not a nice egg," protested the 6-year-old daughter of the house at the breakfast table.

"Mary," said her mother sternly, "you are always complaining of your food. Eat what is placed before you—every bite of it—without another word, or else I'll have to give you a good spanking."

All was quiet for some minutes. Then from the other end of the table sounded a mournful voice.

"Mother, dear, do I have to eat th beak, too?"

Readers accustomed to solving the Ledger puzzles will find them on Page 26, under the heading "Something to Make Thinkers Think."

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The Resistance Kid

(Continued From Page 4)

man to man, thrusting a large fat hand toward the young man. "I really want to——"

"Aw, cut it," Redding snapped. "I don't want your mitt. Don't even want your five dollars 'discharge' money. I want to get away from here."

Warden Dresden sighed as reseated himself and pressed a pushbutton on the table.

A moment later Jimmie Redding passed thru the prison entrance after refusing the hand of Captain Mullen who bade him good-by.

CHAPTER II.

SAMUEL HARPER, chief of police of Willsburgh, after a monosyllabic conversation over the phone, snapped the receiver on the hook and barked in a none too gentle voice to the trim young police orderly standing near the office door: "Send Neulin in."

A moment later Detective Neubert Neulin of the city force stood before the chief.

"Know Jimmie Redding?" Harper queried.

"Like the alphabet," Neulin replied. "You mean the Resistance Kid, don't you?"

"That's him. Well, Captain Mullen just informed me by phone that Redding was discharged a few minutes ago. Warden Dresden, the chicken-hearted old duffer, never tips us off any more when a bad one leaves the pen. Have to depend on Captain Mullen. Can't have this Redding running around loose, you know, Bert. Got to send him back to Dresden just as quick as we can cook up something against him. He's a bad, bad egg, Bert. I don't mind helping a man who really wants to beat back after doing a stretch, but this Jimmie Redding fellow, according to Mullen, don't want to beat back. He says so frankly. Now, there are one million law abiding citizens in this city and perhaps half of them have heard of Jimmie Redding and will know before noon tomorrow that he is out again. Just you slip to the M. G. Electric station on Danforth avenue, Bert, and pick this bird up when he gets off the prison city car. We'll frame Mr. Redding as soon as possible, as much as I hate to do it."

"Yeah," Neulin chuckled, giving the chief a broad wink. "My conscience hurts already, but—well, it's just as you say, we can't have that guy running loose around here. What's the orders, chief? Shall I arrest him?"

"Arrest him?" Harper snorted. "Of course not. We haven't anything on him. Just shadow him until I call you off."

Jimmie Redding was well acquainted with the Willsburgh police and detectives. Had he been asked ten minutes after leaving the prison what was being said in Chief of Police Harper's office in the city ten miles away, and had he been disposed to answer his questioner, he could have repeated almost verbatim Harper's orders to Detective Bert Neulin.

Possessing this knowledge of the ways of police and detectives, Jimmie carefully avoided the prison town's one-rail carrier to Willsburgh, the M. G. Electric Line. With no definite plan as yet as to his future activities, and feeling the need of a long and solitary walk, he had concluded to negotiate the distance to the city on an unfrequented highway.

So Detective Neulin waited in vain for the man that was to be sent back to Warden Dresden.

Several kindly disposed motorists obligingly offered Jimmie a lift on the road. Each of them received the same curt thankless response. "Naw."

About half way between the city and the prison town Sylvia Hamberton's smart little pea-green roadster, homeward bound to the city, had contracted a disease peculiar to most motors and very much the same pathologically as spring fever in the human species—faulty ignition. In the case of Sylvia's roadster the disease had developed to the point where the engine just simply died of inanition. There being no miracle man present, Sylvia had bravely set about to dissect the refractory internals of the engine. In two hours she had successfully removed and replaced nine separate and distinct parts. In spite of the fact that she had ruined a new Georgette waist, cut one finger and said "Damn" three times, the thing simply would not go.

Under Sylvia's right eye was a smudge of dirty black lubricating oil only a shade darker than the eye itself. She had removed the chic turban from her head and as she said naughty things to the engine now and then she endeavored to replace a stray strand of black hair with her wrist, her fingers being far too soiled to be allowed on her hair. The second smudge of dirty oil extended in an upturned line from the left corner of her mouth. This second smudge had played havoc with Sylvia's looks. Her real mouth was beautiful; but now, with that horrid line there, her otherwise normal mouth seemed to be distorted in a grotesque, one-sided leer. Smudge number three rested lightly and blissfully on the end of her perfect nose.

Sylvia was a sight—and no help in sight. But wait; far down the road a lone figure moves forward. Sylvia shaded her eyes with a hand on one finger of which a large solitaire blazed in the afternoon sun. The girl was queenly, stretched to her full height, a brisk breeze snapping the filmy white skirt about her trim figure.

The ring? No, it was not an engagement ring. It was a recent present from her wealthy mother, widow of the late Cyrus Hamberton, railroad magnate. Sylvia had tactfully turned her pretty back on a dozen engagement rings within the year. Perhaps she would have married ere this had not she been an only child and utterly spoiled by doting parents. But then, she was only 21, full of life—perhaps a bit too full of life—and there was the wealthy and good-looking Victor Hamlin yet to consider.

Victor Hamlin was really "different," different in that he exhibited only faint amusement at the frantic attacks made upon his heart by pretty and socially ambitious marriageable daughters.

His very indifference to the wiles of Sylvia Hamberton had piqued that young lady. Who was this tall, blond young giant to merely smile tolerantly upon Sylvia Hamberton?—upon the female barque that had weathered a score of proposals?

Sylvia, like the spoiled child she was, wanted most just those things that fate, circumstance or cautious parents said she should not have. Therefore, she wanted Victor Hamlin's proposal of marriage. In the beginning of her seige for Hamlin's attentions, she merely intended to bring him to her feet. But now, after six months, during which time her objective had not softened perceptibly, she was seriously, and for the first time in her life, considering giving an affirmative answer should he propose. In playing tag with love and laughing it to scorn Sylvia was really surprised when she awakened to the fact that she had been "tagged," that she was in love with one of her victims. But why did not the handsome idiot propose?

Having satisfied herself that the lone pedestrian on the highway was coming and not going, the girl seated herself on the running board of the roadster and waited, hoping that the approaching wayfarer knew something about automobile engines.

IN DUE time Jimmie Redding drew abreast the car. Sylvia rose and with her most bewitching smile, which was somewhat hampered by the smudge at the corner of her mouth, bravely tripped to the middle of the road to accost him.

"Good morning," she greeted musically. The large dark eyes that had brought a score of wealthy and popular young men to the feet of Sylvia Hamberton, were turned full upon the Resistance Kid. Sylvia's eyes were wonderfully expressive and pleading, too. They had worked miracles in the girl's life. Dolls, toys, candy, pet pups and pet kittens had Sylvia gained in her childhood by merely cooing her desire for them and combining the coo with a silent and eloquent plea in her eyes. In later years they had brought her everything dear to a girl's heart and ruinous to many purses. Sylvia's eyes seldom if ever failed her. But——

Jimmie Redding paused a moment. He stared coldly at the bright pea-green roadster, then shifted his gaze to the girl that stood before him. Calmly, coldly he looked Sylvia Hamberton over from her small gray suede to her mass of black hair. His gaze at last rested on her eyes, and even as it rested there a slight sneer came across his lips. Then Jimmie Redding sniffed contemptuously, turned his back on the maiden in distress and took up again his swinging stride toward the distant city.

"Well, of all things!" Sylvia breathed in incredulous dismay. Then, in a pleading, hurt voice: "Oh, I say. Please——"

"Well," the Resistance Kid snapped impolitely, halting and turning about.

"My car," the girl explained simply, with a pretty little gesture toward the pea-green roadster. "The engine will not run. The—er—car will not go."

Jimmie Redding sniffed again. "Naturally, the car will not go if the engine will not run," he informed Sylvia coldly. The words dropped from the corner of his mouth in the habitual rasping tone.

"What a queer young man!" Sylvia thought. "Interesting, too. Not a bad looking fellow, either. Interesting type. But horribly impolite." Then to Jimmie: "I—I thought you might look at it for me—please. I will pay you well for your trouble. Do you know anything about auto engines?"

Jimmie knew much about auto engines. He had stolen many automobiles in his time and could, besides repairing a disabled engine, efface all marks of identification from any automobile. When not in the dungeon or the straightjacket at the prison he had been a mechanic in the State auto repair shop inside the prison walls. His first and just finished prison term was for stealing the

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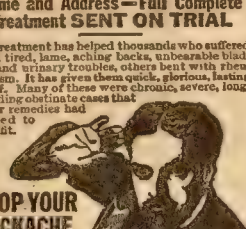

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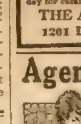

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car of "a bloated millionaire" in Willsburgh.

He shrugged his shoulders, sniffed again and sauntered over to the roadster.

"Oh, thank you!" Sylvia gushed.

She stood by and watched the ex-convict curiously as he leisurely removed his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, exposing two muscular forearms, and bent over the engine.

"Gas?" he presently asked.

"Yes, plenty of gas," Sylvia answered. "Tank was filled less than three hours ago."

Followed a minute's silence as Jimmie's hands flitted from point to point on the engine.

"Huh!" to himself. "Loose sparkplug connections. Pliers?"

"The pliers are in the tool box," the girl answered sweetly, still studying him.

"Get 'em," Jimmie snapped, and Sylvia, frowning slightly, got 'em.

Jimmie carefully tightened all the connections. "Get in and try it now," he ordered curtly.

Sylvia silently obeyed. The engine coughed irritably several times, ran smoothly for a moment, coughed painfully again, then began to miss fire.

"Throw off your spark," came Jimmie's voice from regions beneath the hood. "Sparkplug wrench?"

"It's in the tool box."

"Get it," Jimmie barked impatiently. "I didn't ask you where it was."

Sylvia got it. She studied his shoulders and his red hair as he removed two sparkplugs and cleaned them thoroly.

"I cannot understand why that engine should behave that way," the girl presently complained. "It is a good car. Mother paid twelve thousand dollars for it new only two months ago."

Jimmie sniffed. "I've stolen half a dozen better cars in one night," giving a sparkplug a final twist.

"Oh!" Sylvia gasped.

"Try it now," the surly mechanic ordered, after adjusting the connections again.

Sylvia stepped nimbly into the car to obey orders, asking as she did so: "Did you—are you——"

"Well, say it," the man snapped.

"Are you from the prison?—an ex-convict?"

Jimmie deigned not a reply.

The expensive motor started instantly and continued to hum musically.

"Oh, isn't that just fine!" the girl effused, beaming at Jimmie, who was now putting on his coat.

His lack of enthusiasm or exuberance hurt sensitive Sylvia. She opened a silver-mesh handbag, extracted a five-dollar bill and extended it toward him with a "Please take it. You have earned it."

Jimmie sniffed again. Sniffing seemed to come easily to the Resistance Kid. "Take it home and buy your pet pup a porterhouse," he rasped.

Sylvia flushed as she replaced the money in the handbag. She studied Jimmy Redding with a pucker of perplexity between her eyes as he pulled up a handful of dry grass and carefully wiped the oil from his hands with it. What an exceptional type he was! And he had stolen half a dozen automobiles in one night! A desperate character, no doubt. Sylvia was becoming intensely interested. What a lark it would be to reform this surly, good-looking criminal! That was a thought. It gripped Sylvia immediately and held her. She must not lose this interesting character.

"Are you going to the city?" she queried, edging over farther to one side and glancing from him to the seat beside her.

Jimmie merely grunted.

"Please ride with me," the girl invited, smiling.

For the first time Jimmie favored her with a small, fleeting smile. "Poor little idiot," he thought. "All looks and no brains. Trying to vamp me, I guess. Probably got a lot of yaps tagging at her heels like well-trained pups. Nice eyes, tho, at that."

"Please get in, Mr.—er—Mr.——"

"Better wash your face," Jimmie advised bluntly, as he calmly clambered into the car.

Sylvia again blushed as she hastily produced a small mirror and a delicate little handkerchief. After several minutes of careful rubbing she managed to remove the smudges from her face.

"How long were you in that horrid prison?" she queried as the roadster glided away.

"Did I say I was in the prison?" Jimmie countered, unsmiling. And before she could reply: "Some little guesser, you are. Make a pretty good she dick. I did a five-year stretch."

"Oh, isn't that terrible! Prisons harden men so, don't you think so?"

"You've said it."

Sylvia was elated. She seemed to have at last broken this taciturn fellow's reserve.

"I have always been interested in prisons and prisoners," she began again animatedly, tho she seldom if ever gave thought to life outside her own guilded environment. She felt now, however, that the small falsehood was justified in this case. You see, a plan was forming in Sylvia's brain. She needed a chauffeur. Why not this—er—jailbird? An ex-convict, and ex-desperado for a chauffeur! It would be something different," a sort of fad.

"Yes," she reiterated when Jimmie failed to respond, "I am very much interested in penal institutions and convicts—especially recently discharged convicts. I——"

"Morbid curiosity," Jimmie cut in, gazing away at the distant mountains.

"Oh, that isn't fair!" the girl protested. "No, it isn't curiosity. I really want to help. I would like to help you, for instance, just to prove my sincerity. I need a chauffeur. We are very wealthy—Sylvia Hamberton is my name—and we, mother and I, could pay you a nice salary if you want nice work and want to live down your past. Our chauffeur left yesterday for the West."

There it was. It all came out in one breath.

Jimmie's eyes betrayed not the faintest sign that he was at all interested. He was interested, however. Sylvia Hamberton! He had heard of her many times. Wallowing in wealth left by old Cyrus Hamberton. What a chance! Why, one clean-up some night at the Hamberton home would net him enough to live happily ever after, and "collect" from society merely as an amusing side-line.

So when the pea-green roadster rolled along the marble drive thru the Hamberton gardens and came to a stop at the spacious front portico of the Hamberton home, Jimmie was almost hired. Be it said, however, that he had withheld nothing from Sylvia. She knew it all. He had "spilled" his history into Sylvia's pretty ears and midst her gurgles of excitement and awe. In conclusion he has added: "So you've got my number now. If you want to take a chance, it's jake with me."

CHAPTER III.

WHO in the great city of Willsburgh, or in the entire State for that matter, has not heard or read of Martha Hamberton, widow of the late Cyrus Hamberton, the "billionaire railroad magnate?" Jimmie Redding had. In fact, he was quite sure that some six years previously he had "borrowed" one of the Hamberton touring cars and forgot to return it.

As Jimmie hesitatingly followed Sylvia into the great house past a sallow-faced footman and a stiff-backed butler, both fully expected to be looked over by a stately dame of uncompromising mein and a hard appraising eye. Somehow, he had associated Martha Hamberton with "votes for women" and "the public be damned." Instead, he presently found himself standing awkwardly before a frail little silver-haired lady who, until Sylvia breezed in with her tow, had been contentedly knitting a pair of woolen mittens.

"Mother," Sylvia began in a business-like manner, after kissing the silver-haired lady, "this is our new chauffeur, James—er—James—er—Read—no, James—er——"

"That's it," Jimmie interrupted the girl's stammerings. It occurred to him suddenly that James Read was a good enough name for anybody. Redding was only a borrowed moniker, anyhow. He had left his real name at the orphan's home nine years previously.

Mrs. Hamberton extended a white, delicate hand. "If Sylvia has engaged you, Mr. Read," she said with a wistful little smile, "I am sure you are a good chauffeur."

"Oh, yes, mother," Sylvia beamed, "he is very competent. He repaired the engine in my roadster in a very short time after I had worked two hours trying to make it go. He has worked in the State auto repair shop for several years. Yes, mother, he knows all about cars."

"Where is the State auto repair shop?" Mrs. Hamberton wanted to know.

Noting Sylvia's hesitancy, Jimmie supplied all necessary information.

"The garage and repair shop that your daughter speaks of," said he, "is inside the walls at the State prison. I have just finished a five-year stretch for stealing William T. Waller's sedan. Maybe you know this old bird, William T. Waller."

A refined frown creased the little lady's white brow as she looked at her daughter in a way that demanded explanation. The daughter of the house had not seriously taken in consideration her mother's well-known pride while engaging the new chauffeur. Martha Hamberton, tho democratic, lived constantly on a fine thread of traditional family pride. Tho a most liberal philanthropist and philanthropic friend to her friends some of the poorest families o. the city, she jealously guarded the sanctity of her own home. Servants in the Hamberton household had been required to produce gilt-edge references before being employed by her. Would this James Read, an ex-convict, fit in even as a servant?

Sylvia hastened to make up the lost ground. Jimmie had been too abrupt. He almost smiled now at the reproving glance the girl gave him. She explained at length to her mother, aided here and there by a "yes" or a "no" from Jimmie.

When the girl's colorful story of poor Jimmie's persecution was finished Mrs Hamberton, after some minutes of serious meditation, gave the ex-convict a long and careful scrutiny. It was exceedingly disconcerting to Jimmie, that scrutiny. Detectives, policemen, prison officials he had often stared out of countenance, brazenly and scornfully. Judges and lawyers he had looked in the eye and lied as few wrongdoers could lie under like circumstances. But before this frail little lady of the soft brown eyes and the silver hair something in the Resistance Kid's atrophied conscience moved uneasily.

Several times he was on the point of bolting. He felt belittled, out of place. He resented the scrutiny of the little lady even as he almost quailed before it. Who was this old woman to cross-examine the Resistance Kid? to put him thru the mill merely to determine whether he was a fit person for a miserable chauffeur's job? Why should he, a master in his line and the vowed enemy of just such persons as Sylvia Hamberton and her proud mother, stand there like a half-baked yokel and submit to this humiliating inspection?

Why? Why? Because even as he inwardly writhed under the old lady's look, his practised eye saw a fortune about him in the room; famous paintings on the wall, a solid gold statuette on a pedestal near the door, a rare old clock from Switzerland done in filigreed gold. All this and more; there were many other rooms in the house. And, too, what untold tales of wonder and plenty were behind those dark eyes of the beautiful girl who smiled encouragingly at him? He wondered. Did she, this girl——

Continued on Page 21.)

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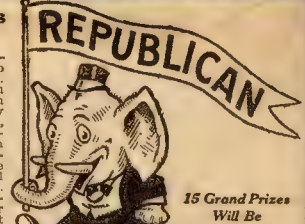
Boys! Boys! Girls, Too!

Do You Think You Can Spell?

See How Many Words You Can Make

This puzzle is a sure winner—everyone who joins the Club wins a prize. It's easy, try it. See how many words you can make out of the letters used in the word "Republican." A few of the words are: Blue, can, ran, pie, rice, etc. Don't use more letters in the same word than there are in the word "Republican." Only words that can be found in Webster's International Dictionary will be counted. This puzzle looks easy and simple, but if you can make 10 or 15 words send in your list at once. The person winning first prize may not have that many. Be first to send in your list.



15 Grand Prizes Will Be Given Away

Culver Auto—1st Prize

A Real Gasoline Automobile

This is not a toy, but a real automobile, built especially for boys and girls. You can learn to run it in an hour's time. It will do anything a full sized car will do. You can run errands, take things to market, drive to school, go after the mail—all you have to do is to crank it, jump in and you are ready to go. Some girl or boy is going to be the proud owner of this Culver Racer—why not you? See how many words you can make out of above puzzle. Get an early start.

This Is "Prince"—2d Prize

How many little boys or girls would be proud to own a pony like Prince. This Pony is four years old, and about 40 inches high. It's a spotted pony with four white feet, some white in tail and mane. This does not show a very good picture of Prince, but he is a mighty pretty little pony and loves boys and girls. He wants a good home. We gave Prince's Brother away last month to a little girl just 9 years old, and I wish you knew how easy it was for her to get this pony. Don't fail to join my club. If you can spell see how many words you can make out of the above puzzle and write me TODAY.

Pencil Box, Extra Special Prize—Every Club Member Rewarded

How to Join the Club—Read This Now

Each one who sends in a list of words on this Spelling Club will receive 100,000 votes to start with. Just for fun see how many words you can make. We will also give 50,000 votes and a complete Pencil Box outfit to all who join the Club. To the Club Member having the most votes at the close of the Club we will give the Culver Racer as first prize. To the second highest Club Member we will give the Shetland Pony, Prince, and so on until we have awarded the fifteen grand prizes. You will receive a complete Pencil Box Outfit just for promptness in joining the Club. Anyone may enter this Club and there never was a better offer made, especially for boys and girls. Every Club Member gets a prize. If there should be a tie between two or more Club Members, each tying Club Member will receive prize tied for. Answer the Puzzle and send in your list of words TODAY.

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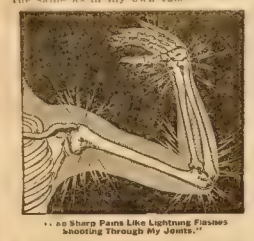

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I want every sufferer from any form of muscular and sub-acute (swelling at the joints) rheumatism, to try the great value of my improved "Home Treatment" for its remarkable healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address, and I will send it free to try. After you have used it, and it has proven itself to be that long-looked for means of getting rid of such forms of rheumatism, you may send the price of it, One Dollar, but understand I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer, when relief is thus offered you free. Don't delay. Write today.

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DR. J. E. CANNADAY

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 1417 Court Blk., Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

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No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

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I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

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Black Magic

(Continued From Page 6)

day. And he learned for a certainty that I was Marling—the missing John Marling of the Cantilever Society—the Rose Polytech student that went to South America right after his marriage and——" his voice dropped almost to a whisper. "And wound up by killing a fellow American."

"And this man Renn blackmailed you?" Euston asked, remembering his own unique experience with the crafty-eyed doctor on North Pennsylvania street.

"Every Friday night," returned Marling in a low voice, "I carried part of my weekly pay to Renn to keep him silent—so that I might live on here in Indianapolis and be near my little girl. For after I was rejected by the Hoosier Bridge, Bayonne tipped me off that there was a vacancy here on account of the former estimate checker leaving." He paused. "That's all. The papers and clippings in that packet would tell you nearly as much as I have."

NOTHING was said by any one for a short while. Then Euston turned to Bayonne, who sat wretched and silent thruout the whole recital. "But you, Miss Marling? Why did you enter Renn's machine the other day on Pennsylvania street and drive off with him to his home? Was that connected with your father here, or with the stolen information from these offices? You will remember that you have not yet placed the contents of your pockets here on the table."

The girl colored. "Dr. Renn seems to think that it is I who is sending out this information which enables the Hoosier Bridge Corporation to underbid us each and every time—now eight times running. And he has evidently reasoned that if it is I, then I am receiving mighty good pay from the firm he is connected with—at least from the man who is at the head of that firm. So he called me up last Friday and ordered me to come to his place and have a brief talk with him. He was waiting for me the next day in his car. In the reception-room of his home, he threatened to expose father as Marling—as—John Marling—a—a man-killer—unless I paid over to him $500 from my fee for throwing the big contract for the White River bridge. And——"

"And you refused?"

"What else could I have done?" she said miserably. "I have never sent out any information to the Hoosier Bridge Corporation. And I could not have paid that $500 even had I wished to. And the reason I would not turn out my pockets before you rang the police is because I have the original letter from father to me—from Australia—in which he told me for the first time that he was alive and a fugitive—but that he wanted to come back to the little daughter he had left behind him as a baby. He had directed that if I wished to see him I was to advertise in the personal columns of the Sidney papers and tell him to come. And—and pasted to the letter was his photograph just as he is today."

She looked across the table at her father, then at Euston. "Had you seen that letter you would have recognized the picture instantly as John Ackerly across the table. So—so I dared not produce it." She sighed. "But of what use," she added, wearily, "was a refusal if the police were to come?"

She withdrew a long official-looking letter from one of the pockets of her blue serge skirt and placed it on the table. Those nearest to it could see the Australian stamp that was affixed to the upper right hand corner.

For a minute silence reigned in the room. John Marling remained hunched in his chair, his packet of papers lying in front of him. Bayonne sat with her hands in her lap, her eyes on the floor. Milford Harven was leaning up against the wall, chewing on his upper lip; and Tuttle, against the wall not far from him, was sulking visibly. Harry, leaning forward in his chair, his mouth half agape at the sudden turn of matters, was looking curiously up at Euston. The latter finally spoke:

"We have not discovered," he remarked, "what we started out to discover just ten minutes ago. So suppose"—he turned toward the elder Harven—"that I explain just how this vital information was sent out of these offices when every one was watching every one else—straight to the Hoosier Steel Bridge Company, far away in the Lombard Building. If I may have your attention, I will introduce you to something new and striking in telegraphy."

CHAPTER XX.

A CRYSTAL OF GREEN

BEFORE proceeding further with his explanation, Euston walked over to the shelf in the clothes-closet where he took down a brown paper package and brought it over to the table, unwrapping it as he talked. Those near him could see that it was done up in paper bearing the printed advertisement of an Indianapolis department store.

"Saturday afternoon," he began quietly, "I happened to be alone in the office here, browsing around rather hopelessly, when a sudden and unexpected visitor happened to break in on my investigations." He watched Tuttle's face as he spoke, and smiled slightly as the other's joy fell open a trifle and the portly figure, still sullen, stiffened up.

"Fortunately," Euston went on, "I had sufficient time during the interval in which the key was rattling in the lock to make for the nearest place of refuge"—he flicked his thumb back of him to the tiny wash-closet which stood open—"yon wash cabinet, where I partly closed the door and prepared to see just who and why any one might be coming back after office hours were over."

Tuttle said nothing whatever as Euston proceeded; but he stared somewhat wide-eyed at what the opening of the younger man's paper parcel revealed—a dozen thin glass tumblers and a glass stirring rod. Ackerly, too, watched the procedure intently, and Bayonne stared thru her wide-open gray eyes, now holding a dejected look which suggested that she was near collapse.

Euston proceeded with his explanation, however, disregarding his listeners and occasionally turning his head toward the elder Harven, who still stood where he was, no longer chewing on his lips on account of his interest in the thing that was being unfolded.

"You will pardon me," Euston remarked to no one in particular, "if, while I talk, I step back and forth from this table to the wash-closet and fill up my tumblers with warm water from the hot water faucet. At least I'll do that with ten of them. The other two I'll set aside as useless for my purpose." And suiting the action to the word he stepped back a few feet and filled three of them with hot water, from the surface of which a slight vapor arose.

"As I remarked," he went on imperturbably, stepping back with the next three tumblers, "I was neatly imprisoned in the washcloset, but I was able to observe a certain individual go to a certain waste basket, rescue therefrom sundry torn fragments of pink paper—the pieces of a note received that morning by special messenger, paste these fragments carefully and meticulously together on a clean sheet of white paper, and then proceed to vanish as quickly and expeditiously as he had come. It was rather a peculiar procedure, to be sure, and one which was productive of much perspiration to yours truly, who all the time was backed into a two-by-four cell with no ventilation."

By this time Euston had finished the filling of his tumblers with hot water; ten stood full, and the remaining two empty. Whereupon he withdrew from his breast pocket a long, narrow packet which bore a drug store label on it, and, unrolling it, revealed some nine or ten smaller papers, each fastened with a rubber band and carrying a notation in pencil.

"But it happened," he said, looking up for a moment from his own preparations, "that in cleaning out the wash closet with my hands against the porcelain bowl to steady myself, the fleshy part of my palm picked up a tiny crystalline fragment of something that lay at the rear of the bowl—near the very edge—near the wall, in fact; and later, when I emerged and proceeded to cool off and wipe away the beads of perspiration on my face, I soon observed this fragment imbedded in my hand.

"I picked it off naturally," Euston explained pleasantly, "since it was not dirt by any means. I first thought it was an ornamental chip from a jade ring or a hat pin, but a closer examination showed me that it was a green crystalline substance with a metallic hue that indicated some kind of synthetic chemical. When a moistened fore-

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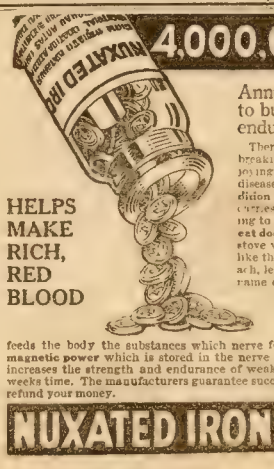

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fixer was rubbed on it, it left a red—not a green stain. For a long time I stared at it, groping back in my mind toward several weeks' work once put in at the chemical works near Hammond, Indiana, before I suddenly remembered where I had seen such green crystals before."

He stopped and looked about him.

"And what was the crystal, Danny?" put in Harry, forgetting Euston's assumed name in the turn that affairs were taking.

"It was just what a later chemical analysis over on East Washington street proved it to be," Euston replied, glancing down at his questioner; "a crystal of magenta—a hydrochloride of the rosaniline base. Any chemist or dye expert can tell you that while this substance forms beautiful green crystals, it dissolves quickly in water to form one of the most brilliant, deep red solutions we have.

"Now what was magenta—the rosaniline compound—doing in a prosaic engineering office? Such material is used in dyeing establishments and chemical laboratories; also in wine manufactories to give a brilliant red color to imitation claret. But engineering offices are seldom, if ever, in need of a base for a brilliant red solution. They use ordinary liquid India ink when they wish to make red annotations on drawings. So what was magenta doing in this place?"

Euston paused so long after his query that Harvey interposed.

"There has never been any need of such a material in this office, Mr. Pond," he said, still adhering to the fictitious name Euston had assumed five days before. "But go ahead."

"An examination of the drain pipe from the wash basin," Euston went on, "revealed the fact that it went down diagonally both toward the floor and toward the wall, after it left the tiny trap which catches such solid articles as pins, hairpins and metal objects. And it was to be inferred that it entered a wall channel which contains the hot and cold water risers, and the larger drain pipe for an entire series of wash basins from the top floor down to the basement, all in a direct vertical line.

"So I took a trip down to the floor below," he remarked, gazing abstractedly out of the window in the darkness, "to the office directly beneath us—that of Mr. Theodore H. Barton, publisher of Barton's Magazine. It took a rather stiff bribe of the janitor on that floor to let me in there, and the latter proved to be as much mystified as myself at what we found. In fact, he's in readiness, if necessary, to testify in court as to the exact conditions we unearthed."

CHAPTER XXI.
A DEMONSTRATION BEFORE AN AUDIENCE.

EUSTON paused a moment and looked about him. The most intense interest was depicted on the faces of his hearers. So he continued:

"In the first place, there were little more furnishings than a rug, a library table with a drawer and a telephone on it, and a swivel-chair. Over on the wall, however, just above the wash basin of that office, hung a great map of the United States. The removal of the map showed a surprising condition which was being concealed: The pipe channel in the wall had been opened thru the thin layer of plaster, revealing the hot and cold water risers inside as well as the wrought iron drain pipe which carries off the waste water from the basin up here. This wrought iron drain pipe was not of very large diameter at this point, for it was the top section of a tapering system, used in modern office buildings today. But it had been tampered with by some one having an elementary knowledge of plumbing—at least of soldering; and I think there is no doubt that that some one was paid for his work by the Hoosier Steel Bridge Corporation.

"A length of about a foot had been sawed out by a hacksaw. In this gap a piece of lead pipe had been substituted and soldered; but in the subsitute piece there was a stopcock near the top which could be operated by a turn of the wrist.

"And now for the ingenious part of the contrivance. Running out of the top of this inserted piece of lead pipe, just above the stopcock, was a semi-circular glass tube—a sort of double elbow—which rejoined the lead section below the stopcock, and which held a tiny glass stopcock of its own. In fact, it was nothing more than a glass by-pass. By turning off the stopcock in the drain pipe and opening that in the glass by-pass, all the water from upstairs here would be compelled to run thru that same glass tube. And that this was the modus operandi there is no doubt, since a wax candle, propped on a piece of wood, stood back of the glass elbow so that a watcher in the swivel-chair could note the color, shade, or degrees of dirtiness of all the water flowing thru the glass by-pass."

As Euston talked, he had opened his ten smaller packets, revealing a variety of contents; in one, some green crystals like he had just described; in another, a few pinches of coal black shavings; in the other, various colored powders.

"In the drawer of the table," Euston went on, "was a small card which bore the following cryptic code." He withdrew a slip of paper and read off the contents, copied in pencil:

Yellow	One
Blue	Two
Brown	Three
Red	Four
Purple	Five
Black	Six
White	Seven
Green	Eight
Violet	Nine
Orange	Zero

"Evidently," he remarked pleasantly, laying down the slip of paper, "numbers were being represented, not by dots and dashes, but by various distinctive colors. And the colors flowing thru the glass by-pass of the drain pipe were being observed by a watcher in the swivel-chair at the table." He glanced down at his opened packets and then up again. "Suppose, then, we see first if we can produce by rapid aqueous solution ten such distinctive and brilliant colors as we find on that code card."

INTO the first tumbler Euston dropped a pinch of powder from one packet, giving it a swirling motion with the glass stirring rod; into the second tumbler he dropped a pinch from another packet, repeating the performance; in this way he continued as he talked, taking up a pinch in turn from each of the ten packets.

"Into the first tumbler," he explained, "we drop this pinch of potassium bichromate, altho we might have produced the same color effect by picric acid." The contents of the tumbler turned to a beautiful yellow. "Into the second," he continued, "we'll place some pulverized copper sulfate crystals; and into the third we'll toss a pinch of powder that's a mixture of ferrous sulfate and gallic acid. In turn we'll go around the circle, dropping into number four our old friend magenta-crystals or the hydrochloride of the rosaniline base.

"Into number five, a powder of potassium permanganate; into number six, some shaving of an ordinary black India ink tablet; in the case of number seven, the only way we can get a white solution is to have a white precipitate in suspension, so we'll throw in a pinch of powder that's a compound of sodium sulfate and barium chloride. As a matter of fact, tho, we could have tossed in a gram of ordinary whiting.

"For number eight, we'll place in a pinch of pulverized cupric chloride; for number nine here, we'll throw in methyl violet, more simply pentamethyl pararosaniline. And lastly for number ten, or zero on the code, we'll use merely some gropaeolin which should give us a brilliant orange in contradistinction from the more mild yellow of the potassium bichromate."

Almost as readily as Euston had tossed in pinches of his various powders in action to his words, the colorless, transparent water in the tumblers changed its hue to different brilliantly colored solutions, the glasses in turn showing up yellow, blue, brown, red, purple, inky black, milky white, green, violet and vivid orange. He looked up from the last one.

"Could anything be obscure now, I'm wondering? The procedure was the height of simplicity after all. Only the first two figures of each bid, of course, needed to be telegraphed to the confederate—Mr.—er—Theodore H. Barton—downstairs. Did he turn off the stopcock in the drain pipe and open that in the glass by-pass, at a certain hour of the day? Did he proceed to watch that same by-pass during the next few hours? Was it much of a trick for some guilty individual in this office to step over to the wash basin and ostensibly wash up after the day's work, with his back to the office and both his sides hidden by the sides of the wash cabinet?

If he could do this, could he not have turned on the hot water and opened a generous capsule which he had previously removed from one particular pocket? The mere jerking of the plug and the gurgling as the water and the contents of the capsule rolled down into the drain pipe would churn up a brilliantly colored solution. And that solution would be quite visible to the man downstairs, as it flowed more slowly thru the glass by-pass. Only once would the performance have to be repeated by the individual still splashing away at the basin up here.

"The moment that the two figures were

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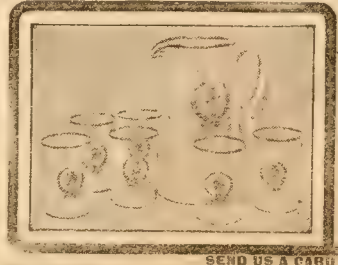

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passed, the telephone on the table downstairs provided an immediate means for getting the information over to the offices of the Hoosier Steel Bridge Corporation, where their bid, all in readiness almost, was quickly filled in to a point just a few hundred below our own bid here.

"On last Friday, for instance, the confederate downstairs, seeing after 4 o'clock a violet, then a bright crimson, immediately telephoned in the words 'nine-four,' and a bid for ninety-four thousand dollars was shot in, reaching the city hall, in fact, before Mr. Harven himself got there." Euston paused and gazed toward the pop-eyed Tuttle. "And now, Mr. Tuttle, are you going to follow suit and place the contents of your pockets on this table, or must I back you into the corner and make you shell out? Which is it going to be, Mr. Tuttle?"

CHAPTER XXII.

A DOUBLE SURPRISE ALL AROUND

THE sharp ringing of the telephone bell on Milford Harven's desk interrupted Euston. The construction company president strode into his private office and answered the phone, but a second later beckoned to Euston himself. So the younger man went in and took up the receiver.

"Yes, this is he talking."

A pause followed, during which the onlookers in the outer office could hear the squeak of the voice in the transmitter.

"Then hold him by all means," he said finally, "under the stolen information statute. As soon as he talks, get it all down. Good-by."

He walked back into the larger room and again looked toward Tuttle, who still had made no move to comply with the order issued to him.

"The police department," Euston informed Harven, "have just notified me here at my request that Mr. Theodore H. Barton was shadowed from the offices of Barton's Magazine when he left there, not a great while ago. He turned out to be one Thomas Cogley, chief clerk and confidential man to President Mullock of the Hoosier Bridge." He glanced toward Tuttle. "Have you come to a decision, yet?"

"I have," said the other glumly. "I'm an old man—so I guess you fellows have the upper hand. Here's my stuff." He glanced sheepishly at Harven as he commenced to dig up the contents of his pockets. "I'll sign my resignation as soon as Miss Marling over there can type it."

Harven said nothing, but surprise was expressed in every line of his face. Tuttle proceeded to put on the table a most varied assortment of articles, including a half chewed plug of tobacco, a watch charm, a jackknife, and finally a reconstructed sheet of pink paper—the same, in fact, which Euston had seen him paste together just three days before. But fastened by a brass clip to the reconstructed sheet was a sheet of white paper with a few words written in Tuttle's cramped handwriting and signed with his name.

Milford Harven remained where he was for a second, his face slowly darkening. Then he strode forward to the table, as did Euston; and both men ran their eyes curiously over the reconstructed sheet of pink paper, now lying face up on the table. Its contents ran:

Mr. Tuttle:

Regarding your stock offer of several months back, I am not in a position to avail myself of same—but not quite at the terms you asked. I now offer 800 shares of Hoosier Steel Bridge Corporation stock plus 40 per cent of their par value in cash for your entire holdings of 800 Central Indiana Construction Company. This is positively the best I can do, since we have agreed that the 800 Cent. Ind. shares are of no use to me unless I can pick up enough more to give me 51 per cent of the whole stock. I have options on a few hundred more shares—but require all my cash to buy them in.

This constitutes a legally binding offer on my part, and I must positively have a written acceptance on your part before I shall go ahead and get the 800 shares of Hoos. Brdg. from my holdings plus the extra cash. Let me hear from you—say—a week from today—by written acceptance only.

Very truly yours,
AMBROSE MULLOCK.

Harven, almost as soon as his eyes came to the bottom of the reconstructed sheet, jerked the other up and read it. Its contents, as Euston could see by leaning forward, ran:

Dear Mr. Mullock:

Have decided to accept your offer of Hoos. Brdg. for my 800 Cent. Ind., with the 40 per cent of their par value added in cash. A condition of this acceptance is that nothing be said to Harven until the semi-annual interest day comes around. Will transfer all belongings to you secretly not later than Friday night.

SAM TUTTLE.

HARVEN looked up at Tuttle, his face the picture of withering scorn.

"And so, Sam Tuttle," he accused bitterly, "you were trying to double-cross your partner of the last ten years? Paving the way for Mullock to get full control of the Central Indiana and throw me out as president? And scheming to draw your salary here till the last second—and be a stockholder in another company all the time?"

He pointed a denouncing finger at the other, who wilted perceptibly under the older man's scathing remarks. "And on top of all this, you were slipping out information to them about all our bids. Judas! Judas!" he added with a groan.

But at this point Euston spoke up.

"No, I'm afraid you're wrong there, Mr. Harven. Tuttle is guilty of trading his holdings sub-rosa to another company and paving the way for your ousting by so doing, and planning to keep his vice president's salary to the last minute. Mullock's cash offer was too much for him, I'm thinking. But Tuttle's not guilty of sending out information at any time. And I doubt very much whether he's got brain, dexterity, or nerve enough to perform such a neat stunt. It took a younger and cooler hand to pull that off."

Euston paused. Then he swung about on his heel, walked over to Harry Harven and put one hand on the latter's shoulder. "Well, Hal, old boy, this hurts me every bit as much as it does you—but I can't help myself. Don't you think, Hal, it's about time you tell your father the truth—and that you place the contents of your pockets on the table?"

The younger Harven stiffened up. Then he gave a sickly laugh and shrugged his shoulders, dropping his eyes to the floor—even tho he spoke in his father's direction.

"Sorry, dad," he said slowly, "but I guess I'm caught dead to rights. I was in deep water, and deeper than you've ever dreamed of; and they got me thru an agent and offered me five hundred for every contract I could throw to them." As he spoke, he was bringing up from pocket after pocket large transparent capsules containing various colored powders and crystals such as Euston had used in his own demonstration. "I've got no defense, dad," he added unhappily, "and you can do whatever you please to me. The showdown is here—and I'm the real traitor in the camp."

Then he turned to his father and looked him straight in the eyes; but the older man sank into a near-by chair and dropped his face in his hands.

Thirty minutes later, only the elder Harven, Marling and his daughter, and Euston were in the offices. One by one, the other two had passed silently out, and these four remained talking over the peculiar situation that confronted them with regard to Marling.

"It's up to you, Pond," said Milford Harven, as he paced the floor up and down, in his agitation using the same fictitious name that no longer was required. "I guess there's no doubt that I can force Mullock to release every one of his options, but it's pretty hard for me to have discovered that my own partner was arranging to sell out his stock secretly and give control to my worst business enemy. To find out on top of that, tho, that my own son was the thief who was costing me and my stockholders countless dollars, is a harder blow yet. As to Marling, here, it's up to you. I for one would prefer to forget what he has told us—if he goes away; but he must leave Indianapolis."

DURING the pause on Euston's part which followed the construction man's suggestion, Miss Marling rose from her chair and crossed quickly over to him, where she placed a slim hand on his arm.

"Would you—could you do that?" she pleaded. "It rests with you—what must become of my father. No doubt he has sinned—but he has suffered, too. I can't force myself to look at the law in the matter, or of the rights of the American he killed so long ago; I can only feel that he is my one living relative—my only friend—that he is my father. Would you consider what has passed here tonight as a secret and let him go—to vanish out into the world again?"

Euston looked squarely at her. "Would you feel any kindler to one who told you that he was not a detective, not in the employ of a secret service agency, if I were to do this: if you were to know that his secret need never come out—and that he need not be a fugitive from justice as in the past years?"

Her eyes sparkled with the hope that surged in her. "You mean this, Mr. Pond?"

Euston glanced toward the unhappy bearded man who sat motionless, knowing that his fate was being discussed and his future pleaded for. Then he looked up at the girl again, nodded and smiled reassuringly at her before he turned again to Marling.

"And now, Marling, for you. I daresay your years of wandering—of knowing that you were a fugitive because you had been rash enough to have killed a man—a fellow American—were punishment enough." He paused for a second. "With the exception of the name of the man who did the shooting, I have heard the details—the unpleasant details—of that incident related many times. You see, Marling, the man you shot never died—the man you fired at on the framework of the Rio Negro bridge in Venezuela. But he carried your bullet between two of his ribs for the rest of his life. When he did die, he died of purely natural causes right here in Indianapolis—and I was at his bedside when he passed away. His name, I believe you will agree with me, was Robert J. Euston—an American civil engineer like yourself. And Robert J. Euston, it hap-

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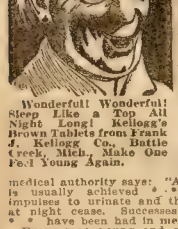

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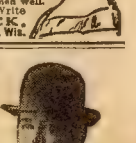

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J. M. MILLER Latest Photo

pens, was my father—my real name happens to be Daniel Euston."

He turned to Miss Marling, who was drinking in his statement, her red lips parted almost in unbelief. "And now, Miss Marling, have I erred in thinking that there are things which may be of interest only to you and me—in the whole world? Are you willing to go back to that St. Clair Park bench and talk them over? Are you willing to forget that fib that I had to tell you?"

"I'll go gladly," she said, her gray eyes smiling with relief. And she added, "Mr. Not-a-Detective!"

THE END.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

YOUR CARD PARTY

WHEN you invite friends to your house to play cards have the program of the evening fairly mapped out before they come. Some people have a way of asking people to their houses for a card party and their attitude when the guests come seems to be: "Here are the cards and there are the tables. Play anything you like and try to have a good time."

The hostess should always have a definite idea of what game is to be played. She should mention the game when she asks her guests. It is permissible, however, to say: "I am asking some friends in to play bridge. If you do not care for bridge I know there will be enough for one table of five hundred."

If you have asked friends with the intention of playing bridge make sure that there are just enough so that all can play a full table of bridge. Of course you or other members of your family can give up playing in order to make the number right.

Give the hour for your card party exactly and if all guests have not arrived at shortly after the time set you should begin with as many tables as can be filled with the guests already assembled. To keep guests interested in playing waiting for some tardy ones would be inconsiderate.

The host or hostess settles rules of the game to start with. In almost every game there are points of difference in matters of rule, and these few differences may be settled by placing on each table a sheet on which are printed the rules by which you intend to play. These rules for various well-known card games may be bought in pads at most stationer's stores.

Where there are several guests playing the host or hostess indicates the time to stop playing, because this time is marked by the serving of refreshments. A guest hates to suggest that the time is growing late because of the fact that this might seem to remind the hostess of refreshment time. The hostess therefore sets a reasonable time for stopping. Then if it is not very late after refreshments have been disposed of she suggests that those who wish to resume playing, but playing for prizes, if there are any, should not be resumed because some of the guests always wish to leave at a fairly early hour.

The Resistance Kid

(Continued From Page 17)

Then a great light came to the Resistance Kid. Did this "swell moll" love him? He had heard of such snap-shot cases of love. Jimmie seldom made a mistake, he seldom made a wrong guess. He neither expected or wanted to love. But if Sylvia Hamberton cared—well, he could use her very nicely when the time came to make the big clean-up at the Hamberton home.

But Jimmie was making a sad mistake. The great light was only a mirage that warped his reason, dulled his usually keen intellect. Sylvia Hamberton had conceived the notion that an ex-convict, especially one so good looking as this James Read person, would be an innovation in the way of chauffeurs. She would study him as an entomologist studies a rare bug. She had taken him in in much the same selfish way that she accepted a new Pekinese. She wanted him about, and Sylvia usually got what she wanted.

"Are you sure," Mrs. Hamberton finally asked, "that you really want to reform, Mr. Read? Are you absolutely certain that you will never do one thing that will cause me to regreat my decision if I approve of you as our chauffeur?"

"Absolutely certain, Ma'am," came the lie from Jimmie's lips, and somehow the lie hurt him.

"Very well," said Mrs. Hamberton, tho the doubtful frown remained. "I will call Simpson, the butler. He will show you to your quarters and instruct you as to the privileges of the servants. The garage is in the rear."

Sylvia pressed a pushbutton and a moment later Simpson glided into the room to stand at attention before his mistress.

Jimmie disliked Simpson from the very beginning. To the Resistance Kid, who knew and judged men from their eyes, their faces, their actions, Simpson impressed Jimmie as being a man who, tho he lacked physical courage, was a crafty and selfish snake. The fact that the butler was a Hamberton servant and therefore fortified with A-1 credentials did not lessen Jimmie's confidence in his own judgment of the man. He must watch this Simpson fellow.

THE ex-convict calmly considered the whole matter while alone in the garage that afternoon. The result of his meditations was a determination to first kill all suspicion in the mind of Mrs. Hamberton regarding himself. He must "win the old lady first." The rest would be easy. Sylvia? Jimmie smiled cynically. Sylvia! Soft-hearted little idiot! She would be a cinch!

It was evident to the new chauffeur that the servants had the number already. He was certain that the shifty-eyed Simpson had been listening at the keyhole earlier in the day while he, Jimmie, and Mrs. Hamberton talked in the library. He was not sensitive at all, but he distinctly felt the coldness toward him at the table in the servant's dining-room. There were fully fifteen servants present at the long table—gardeners, footmen, kitchen help, housemaids—Sylvia's, maid, Mrs. Hamberton's maid, and, of course, the ubiquitous Simpson, who sat at the head of the table in autocratic sternness. During the animated chatter Jimmie was utterly ignored except for an occasional cold stare.

Once he distinctly heard, in the bass voice of a burly Cockney gardener as the latter swapped gossip with another male servant at the table:

"Aye, a bloomin' fallibird! It's a shyme that respectable folks must eat at the syme table with a bleedin' crook!"

Ordinarily, this would be the Resistance Kid's cue to start something—something fast and ruthless and accompanied by bloodshed. He pushed his plate from him and half arose, his baleful eye on the Cockney gardener. Partly because he remembered the fortune awaiting him in the Hamberton home and partly because he felt a timid tug at his coat sleeve, he sat down again.

He resumed eating, a dark scowl on his face. Then he suddenly recalled that some one had tagged at his sleeve a moment before—his right sleeve. He surreptitiously glanced at his neighbor on the right. His eyes encountered the blue eyes of little fair-haired Anne Billings, Sylvia Hamberton's maid. Anne immediately dropped her eyes to her plate and a faint blush suffused her cheeks. She was confused.

Jimmie looked Anne over, calmly and brazenly. The usual sniff followed the "once over." Perhaps it was the first time in Anna's nineteen years that a man actually sniffed at her. In spite of her diminutiveness—she weighed an even 100 pounds—Anne was not hard to look at. But the Resistance Kid resisted feminine beauty as easily and religiously as he resisted the dictates of law and order.

"What's the idea—pulling at my sleeve?" Jimmie demanded in a quiet but rasping whisper from the corner of his mouth.

Anne blushed again, but ignored the query.

"Come on," the ex-convict persisted. "Spill it. Who do you think you are butting into my business?"

"That was Harrison, the boss gardener," Anne faltered. "He—he has a terrible temper and—and——" The rest filtered away in a meaningless mutter.

"Huh!" Jimmie snorted. "He's a bad hombre, eh? Bites babies' arms off and things like that when he's mad, eh?"

"He—he whipped a taxi driver last

(Continued on Page 23.)

Heals Running Sores

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(Continued From Page 21.)

week," the maid whispered.

Jimmie almost smiled. Smiles came hard to the Resistance Kid, but the mere thought that this little flapper feared for his safety should he arouse the anger of Harrison was amusing.

Anne misunderstood the faint smile and became bolder.

"They all know that you are an ex-convict," she confided in a whisper. "Simpson told 'em. But I am not afraid of you, because I believe you want to be good."

Jimmie grunted and resumed his meal.

Little Anne ran on and on while Jimmie responded in grunts, sniffs, or a curt "yes" or "no." Then quite abruptly the girl caught her breath right in the middle of a sentence and ceased talking.

It made little difference to Jimmie whether Anne talked or not, but the gasp and the abrupt way in which she ceased to talk aroused his curiosity. He glanced at her inquiringly to find her looking at Simpson. There was no doubt about it, Anne was terribly frightened. And no wonder; Simpson's sharply featured face was contracted in a most awful scowl. Jimmie read fury, jealousy, warning, threat on the rat-faced butler's face. The scowl was meant for Anne.

Jimmie smiled cynically and left the table. Out in a patch of the garden reserved for the servants he sat down on a bench and meditatively rolled a cigarette. It was cool and restful there in the growing darkness and he wanted to think. The matter of making a big clean-up in the Hamberton home was one that required careful planning. He carefully went over his plans and had about decided on a course of action when he distinctly heard the voice of Simpson near by raised in reproving discourse. Jimmie arose cautiously and peered between two large rose bushes from the other side of which came Simpson's voice.

Outlined in the semi-darkness was the form of the butler and standing before the irate man was little Anne Billings.

"I'll forget it this time," Simpson was saying magnanimously. "But"—shaking a finger under the nose of the frightened girl—"if I ever catch you carryin' on whispers with that criminal again, or even speaking to him, I'll have you dismissed, understand?"

"But, Ed," the girl defended weakly, "he was angry and I knew that if he attacked Harrison that Harrison would hurt him. He——"

"If you had not interfered," Simpson interrupted angerly, "they would have fought and both of them would have been discharged immediately. Would have been a good riddance, too. I'll see that the ex-convict is dismissed sooner or later, anyhow—even if he is Miss Sylvia's pet. Can't understand what madam was thinking of—hirin' a rotten convict."

"But if he does his work well, Ed, and if he tries to be good," Anne argued heatedly, "why should you wish to have him discharged?"

"Because," the butler snapped, "I don't want the dirty jailbird about the place, and I don't want a crook talking to my girl. What are you stickin' up for this lowbrow for anyhow?" he demanded suspiciously, "What's he to you? You're my girl, understand?"

"I'm not your girl or any one else's girl!" Anne stamped a tiny foot to emphasize this declaration of independence.

"Not my girl, eh?" Simpson chuckled. "Not my girl, eh? If you know what's good for you you'll be my girl." Then fiercely: "You know blamed well, Anne Billings, that I can tell Mrs. Hamberton anything and she'll believe just what I tell her. If I tell her that you are flirting with that dirty ex-convict, how long will you stay here? Just long enough to pack your trunk. Where would you find another situation without references, eh?"

"Oh, Ed, please do not do that. That wouldn't be fair. I—I wasn't flirting, Ed; I—I——" but further pleas were lost in tears. And even as the floodgates opened, Simpson seized the girl in his arms and drew her to him. He chuckled like an idiot as she fought furiously to free herself from his embrace.

"Not my girl, eh?" and he was about to kiss her when a heavy hand dropped on his shoulder. He suddenly released the frantic girl and wheeled about—just in time to stop Jimmie's fist on his chin, the first being originally intended to stop back of his ear. It was not Jimmie's fault that the fist connected with the butler's chin, but the effect of the blow was even more satisfactory than had it stopped at its original destination.

Simpson quite abruptly sat down in the grass.

Anne gasped, horror-stricken. The great Simpson swatted on the chin and now sitting in an undignified position in the wet grass! It was unbelievable. She stepped back and stared in fearful wonderment at the man who delivered that awful blow.

"Get up, you big hatchet-faced stew bum!" the Resistance Kid rasped out of the corner of his mouth. But Simpson was not as yet disposed to move.

Jimmie clutched the fallen monarch of servantdom by the collar and jerked him to his feet. Holding him thus, like a weak, dangling rat, he shook his free fist under Mr. Simpson's pointed nose.

"One word to Mrs. Hamberton about this kid here," Jimmie began, emphasizing each word with a none too gentle tap of his fist on the butler's already abused chin, "and I'll cut your cowardly heart out and feed it to the hogs. Just one word, see? I've killed several better men than you, old poison-face, and I never make an idle threat. If this kid is canned any time while I am here I'll hold you responsible and I'll bump you off if I have to follow you to hell and back to do it, see?"

The last word was accompanied by a much heavier and altogether unnecessary thud of the fist on the chin. Even then, with all his worries and sorrows, Simpson wondered vaguely why that merciless fist always landed on the same spot.

"Now get out!" the ex-convict rasped savagely, giving Simpson a mighty shove. "And if you say one word to anybody about what happened here tonight I'll get you, see?"

"I'll—I'll get even," the butler gasped, backing away. I'll—I'll——"

The Resistance Kid charged like a belligerent bulldog. Simpson turned and ran. Jimmie, always a good judge of distance, made a bound and a vicious kick. It was quite dark now, but Anne distinctly heard a thud and a sharp yelp. Jimmie's foot had found a mark somewhere half way between the butler's head and his heels.

Jimmie stood now and stared at the spot where he last saw Simpson and meditatively rubbed the knuckles of his right hand

Anne advanced timidly, pale and trembling.

"T-t-thank you," she said tremulously.

"Aw, go wipe your nose and go to bed!" Jimmie snarled, still rubbing his knuckles and gazing into the darkness.

Good things appear to have come Jimmie's way with remarkable speed. A few hours out of prison, a sworn enemy of law, order and all mankind, he now finds himself a well-paid servant in a home of wealth, chauffeur to a charming and "peppy" girl, and with treasure gangsters should he choose to lay a thief's hands upon it. What course will the Resistance Kid pursue in his new and luxurious abode? What of the detectives already upon his trail? What of the huge butler's thirst for revenge? Another big installment of the speedy story in next week's Ledger.

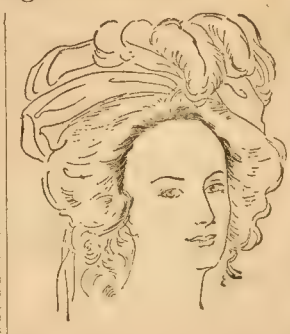
Asthma Cured by Single Remedy

Any reader who suffers from the above disease can be quickly cured without risking a penny through the remarkable discovery of C. Leavengood, 1905 S. W. Blvd., Rosedale, Kansas. Don't send a penny—just write Mr. Leavengood and he will send you a big bottle of his prescription on 10 days' trial. If it cures send $1.25. Otherwise you owe nothing.—Adv.

Is This Your Type?

By MARIE LA ROQUE

Have You a High Forehead?



YOU are in good company if you have a high forehead.

For in the same class you will find such distinguished commanders as Peter the Great and George Washington, Charlemagne and Charles XII. of Sweden—all of whom had foreheads that exceeded the usual proportion. If you wish music in your high forheaded company, you will find Beethoven and Schubert, and for eloquence you will have Daniel Webster and Patrick Henry. Among writers you have a varied trio—Bunyan, Ibsen and Washington Irving.

Then, lest with your "dome-like expanse of serene brow," you become convinced that you are of celestial origin there will be Darwin, with a forehead as high as the highest, to assure you that you are really descended from a very low-brow ancestor.

There will be some charming ladies in the company. For tho you may miss the Venus de Milo, Diana, Juno, Minerva—or other fair goddesses whom the Greeks and Romans always depicted with low, broad foreheads—you will find almost all the beautiful ladies of the Middle Ages or of the Renaissance. For if Nature did not endow these ladies with foreheads high enough to suit their taste, they plucked out or shaved off enough hair to disguise the fact. The ideal of the forehead should be one-third of the Italian painters and sculptors was that the forehead should be one-third of the entire face—sometimes even higher. What was more, the high, white forehead "must shine almost like a mirror," said Agnolo Firenzuola in his "Discourse on Fair Women."

Then there is La Giocondo, the famous "Mona Lisa," of Leonardo da Vinci, that was erstwhile stolen from the Louvre in Paris a few years ago and then returned again, and that all during the war was treasured in a subterranean vault of the great museum safe from German bombardment. That "smile so divinely mocking" would have lost half its charm were it not for the tranquil high forehead above it.

Marie Antionette had an exceedingly high forehead—altho excessively high brows were not so much in vogue in France at the time as they had been in Italy a few hundred years before. We are told that the reason she dressed her hair in such a way that the height would be accentuated was so that no one might say that she was too vain to show how high her forehead really was. And since Marie was a Queen, this mode of arranging the hair, scrupulously brushed off the brow and piled high above it, straightway became the fashion

And what do high foreheads mean? What traits do they indicate?

The significant words "high-brow" and "low-brow" might give an inkling. Force of intellect, clearness of insight, rectitude of purpose—these are only a few of the attributes that students of physiognomy ascribe to this trait.

However, it is better always to go slowly in attaching too much importance to the proportions of a single feature. Some very stupid people have had very high foreheads; and John Marshall, who was one of the most brilliant intellects this country has ever produced, and Frederick the Great—the greatest force in the upbuilding of the once-powerful Prussian—were both marked by strikingly low foreheads.

Next Week: Is Your Nose Aquiline?

Nantucket Marine "Camels."

MORE than three-quarters of a century ago a queer marine institution made its appearance in Nantucket, and bore the name of "camel." These camels were really huge floating dry docks for carrying ships over the bar, where the depth of water had been gradually decreasing since 1830. Being flat-bottomed, the camels could float in water very much shallower than a loaded ship required. They were like two long, large boxes floating side by side and held together at the ends by large iron chains.

The outer sides were almost straight-up-and-down, but the inner sides were curved, making, when the two sections were drawn together, an interior basin just the size of the bottom of a ship. The plan was for the camels to be separated far enough to allow the ships to be hauled into the basin between the two sections, then to be drawn and held fastened together by chains, holding the ship between them, so that the camels and the ship could then be towed over the shallow places in the channel to the wharf.

The use of camels for transporting ships was no new experiment, for they were used in Holland as early as 1688, it is related. They were first built by the Dutch at Amsterdam for the purpose of taking large ships over the Pampas, a passage between two sandbanks in the Zuyder Zee.

The Russians also used camels for taking large ships over the shoals that were formed at Neva. Camels were also employed at Venice, and at each of these places they were handled successfully and with profit.

Grapefruit and Duck Salad.

DICE two cups of cold duck. Free the pulp of one large grapefruit from all of the white skin and set to drain. Put the duck into a marinade of French dressing to which a sliced onion and six cloves have been added. Let stand for an hour, drain the meat and mix it with the grapefruit pulp, wrap or fold in mayonnaise and serve in lettuce leaves. Garnish with olives stuffed with celery or nuts.

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Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
28x3	$4.75	$1.10	31x4	$7.95	$2.25
30x3	4.65	1.20	32x4½	8.75	2.40
30x3½	5.65	1.25	33x4½	9.00	2.50
32x3½	6.20	1.50	35x4½	9.15	2.60
31x4	7.60	1.60	36x4½	9.35	2.70
32x4	7.40	1.85	35x5	9.65	2.80
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Wolves of the Sea.

(Continued From Page 9.)

as the heart bade, and so I drove the temptation to falter away, and strode on up the bank into the black shadow of the trees.

I found extremely hard walking as I advanced thru tangled underbrush, over unlevel ground, the night so dark in those shadows I could but barely perceive the outlines of a hand held before the eyes. Fortunately the distance was even shorter than I had anticipated, but, when I finally emerged upon the opposite beach, it was at once quite evident that the sea beating upon the sand was decidedly heavier than higher up the Bay, the white line of breakers showing conspicuously even in the night, while their continuous roar sounded loud thru the silence.

It was not until after I had advanced cautiously into the water, and then stooped low to thus gain clearer vision along the surface, that I succeeded in locating the vessel sought. Even then the Namur appeared only as a mere shadow, without so much as a light showing aboard, yet apparently anchored in the same position as when we had swept past the previous afternoon. The slightly brighter sky above served to reveal the tracery of bare poles, while the hull was no more than a blot in the gloom, utterly shapeless, and appearing to be much farther away than it was in reality. Indeed, as the sky gradually darkened the entire vision vanished, as tho it had been one of those strange mirages I had seen in the African deserts. Yet I knew with certainty the ship was there, had sufficient time in which to mark its position accurately, and rejoiced at the increase of darkness to conceal my approach. Guided by this memory I waded straight out thru the lines of surf, until all excepting the head became completely submerged. If I was to reach the bark at all, this was the one opportunity.

I stood there, resisting the undertow tugging at my limbs, and barely able to retain my footing, intent upon my purpose. Full strength had come back to my muscles, and my head was again clear. The imminent sense of danger seemed to bring me a feeling of happiness, of new confidence in myself. The die was cast, and whatever the result, I was going ahead to accomplish all that was humanly possible. From now on there was to be no doubting, no turning back.

A voice, high-pitched, echoed to me across the water, reaching my ears a mere thread of sound, the words indistinguishable. It must have been an order, for, a moment later, I distinguished the clank of capstan bars, as tho men of the crew were engaged in warping the vessel off shore for greater safety. The movement was too deliberate and noiseless to mean the lifting of the anchor, nor was it accompanied by any flapping of sail, or shifting of yards to denote departure. Nevertheless even this movement decided me to delay my attempt no longer, and, with strong, silent strokes I swam forward, directly breasting the force of the incoming sea, yet making fair progress.

Some unconsidered current must have swept me to the right, for, when the outlines of the bark again became dimly visible thru the night, I found myself well to starboard of the vessel, and quite likely would have passed it by altogether, but for the sudden rattle of a block aloft, causing me to glance in that direction. As my eyes explored the darkness, yet uncertain that I really beheld the Namur, a light flared for a brief instant, and I had a glimpse of a face illumined by the yellow glare, as the single spark of flame ignited a cigarette. It was all over with so swiftly, swallowed up in that blackness, as to seem a vision of imagination. Yet I knew it to be real.

Stroking well under water, and with only my eyes exposed above the surface, I changed my course to the left, and slowly and cautiously drew in toward the starboard bow. A few moments later, unperceived from above, and protected from observation by the bulge of the overhang, and density of shadow, my hands clung to the anchor hawser, my mind busy in devising some means for attaining the deck.

CHAPTER X.

ON THE DECK OF THE NAMUR.

IT WAS here that fortune favored me, strengthening my decision, and yielding a fresh courage to persevere. The pounding of the seas against the bow rendered other sounds, for the moment, unnoticeable, while the current swept so strongly against my submerged body as to compel me to cling tightly to the swaying rope to prevent being overcome. Close as I was the bark appeared scarcely more than a dense shadow swaying above me, without special form, and unrevealed by the slightest gleam of light, merely a vast bulk, towering between sea and sky. Forking out, however, directly over where I clung desperately to the wet hawser, my eyes were able to trace the bow-sprit, a massive bit of timber, with ropes faintly traced against the sky, the rather loosely furled jib flapping ragged edges in the gusts of wind.

Suddenly, as I stared upward, I became aware that two men were working their way out along the foot-ropes, and, as they reached a point almost directly over my head, became busily engaged in tightening the gaskets to better secure the loosening sail. The foot of one slipped, and he hung dangling, giving vent to a stiff English oath before he succeeded in hauling himself back to safety. The other indulged in a chuckling laugh, yet was careful not to speak loudly.

"Had one drink too many, Tom?" he asked. "That will pay yer fer finishin' the bottle, an' never givin' me another sup."

The other growled, evidently not in any too good humor after his mishap.

"You, h—l! Yer hed the fu'st ov it. Ther's no sorter luck yer don't git yer fair share of, Bill Haines—trust yer fer thet. What I ain't got straight yet, is whar thet stuff cum from so easy. Thet was the real thing."

Haines laughed again, working carelessly. As the men advanced along the spar I could distinguish their forms more clearly.

"That was part o' the luck, Tom," he acknowledged, his accent that of a cockney. "Did yer git eyes on thet new feller Manuel Estevan brought back with him in the boat?"

"The one you and Jose carried aboard?"

"He's the lad. Thar wa'n't nuthin' the matter with the cove, 'cept he was dead drunk, an' he hed a bottle o' rum stowed away in every pocket. But Manuel, he never knew thet. It was just 'bout dark when he cum staggerin' down ter the boat. We wus waitin' on the beach fer Estevan, an' three fellers he hed taken along with him inter town, ter cum back—the nigger, Jose, an' me—when this yere chap hove 'longside. He never hailed us, ner nuthin'; just clim over inter the boat, an' lay down. 'What ye attimin' fer to, friend?' ses I, but by then the cove wus dead asleep. I shook him, an' kicked him, but it wa'n't no use; so we just left him lie thar fer Manuel ter say whut wus ter be done with him. Only Jose he went thru his pockets, an' found three bottles o' rum. We took a few drinks, an' hid what wus left in the boat locker."

"So thet's how yer got it? Who wus the party?"

"Thet's mor'n I'll ever tell yer. I never got no sight o' him, 'cept in the dark. 'Bout all I know is he wus white, an' likely a sailor, judgin' frum the feel o' his hands. Maybe he thought that wus his boat he'd stumbled inter—thar wus quite a few 'long the beach. Enyhow, when Manuel got back, he just took a look at him in the dark, an' then told us to haul the lad forward out o' the way,

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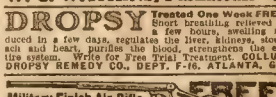

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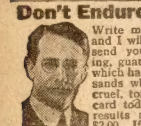

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an' fetch him along. So we pulled out with the feller cuddled up in the bow. He was drunk all right."

"I never seed nuthin' more of him after he was hauled aboard," commented Tom, as the other ceased speaking. "Whut become o' the lad?"

"Him? Oh, Jose an' me carried him inter the for'cassel, an' shoved him inter a berth ter sleep off his liquor. Thet wus the last I ever see, er hear o' him fer 'bout six hours. I'd fergot all 'bout the feller—er wud have, if it hadn't been fer the rum. Manuel went off in the long-boat with Estada, an' when my watch went below, I stowed myself away back o' the bow gun fer a few drinks. I hadn't been thar mor'n ten minutes, when this yere feller must a woke up in the for'cassel sum crazy. He cum a chargin' out on deck, whoopin' like an Indian, wavin' a knife in his hand, intendin' fer to raise h—l. I cudn't see then who the lad wus, but it, must o' been him, fer when I went down later he wusn't whar we'd put him. Well, it happened thet the fu'st feller he run up against wus LeVere, who wus cumin' forward fer sumthin', an' fer about a minute thar wus one h—l ov a fight.

"Maybe LeVere didn't know et onct just 'whut hed happened, but he wusn't almighty long finding out this job, an' the way he started in fer ter man-handle the cuss, wus worth seein'. It was so damn dark thar by the foremast I couldn't tell whut did happen, but it wus fists mostly, till the mate drove the poor devil, cussin' like mad, over agin the rail, an' then heaved him out inter the water. Longest I heerd the feller splash when he struck, but he never let out no yell."

"What did LeVere do?"

"Him? H—l, he didn't do nuthin'. Just stared down over the rail a bit, an' then cum back, rubbin' his hands. Never even asked who the feller wus. Thar ain't nuthin' kin skeer that black brute."

"God—no! He ain't got no human in him. It's hell when English sailormen has got ter take orders from a d—d nigger, an' be knocked 'round if they don't jump when he barks. He's goin' ter get a knife in his ribs sum day."

"Maybe he is; but yer better hold yer tongue, Tom. Sanchez don't stand fer the talk, an' he's back of LeVere. Let's go in; them gaskets will hold all right now—cum 'long."

THE two vaguely distinguishable figures disappeared, clambering awkwardly over the rail, and as instantly vanishing into the blackness of the bark's deck. An unsecured bit of canvas continued to flap noisily above me, and the constant surge of water pounded against the bow, but I could perceive now clearly the character I was destined to assume when once safely aboard the Namur. Such an assumption would involve but slight danger of discovery. It was as the a miracle had opened the way, revealed to me by the unconscious lips of these two half-drunken, gossiping sailors. The story told fitted my necessities exactly. Had I planned the circumstances myself, nothing could have been better prearranged.

No one on board had seen the missing man by daylight; if an impression of his features remained in any individual mind, it must be extremely vague, and valueless. Bill's conviction that the man was English, and probably a sailor, was the most definite, and he had had greater opportunity closely to observe the stranger than any one else. LeVere had obtained no more than a glimpse of his opponent, during their struggle in the dark, and while fighting for his life.

Surely it would be easy enough to obscure any faint impression thus acquired. And the fellow had been heartlessly flung overboard; was believed to have sunk without a struggle, too drunk to save himself; was scarcely given another thought. Yet no one knew positively that this was so, because no one cared. The death of the lad had simply been taken for granted, when LeVere failed to see his body rise again to the surface. Yet it was quite within the realm of possibility for the fellow to come up once more in that darkness, beyond LeVere's range of vision, and even to have remained afloat, buoyed up by clinging to the anchor hawser, until strong enough to return on board. At least there was no one aboard the Namur able to deny that this had been done.

Satisfied by this reasoning of being able to pass myself off as the dead man, with small danger of detection, and likewise assured—so far at least as eyes and ears testified—that none of the crew were grouped on the forecastle, to be attracted by my movements, I began, slowly and cautiously, to drag myself up the taut hawser, hoping thus to attain a position from which to gain hand-hold on the rail, and thus attain the deck unseen. While my explanation might suffice, I greatly preferred having to present it only as a last resort. I would much rather slip quietly aboard, and mingle unnoticed with the crew for the next few hours, than be haled at once before LeVere, and endure his scrutiny and possible violence. The fellow was evidently a brute, and a hard master.

Seemingly I had chosen a fortunate moment for my effort: no one heeded the little noise I made, and, when I finally topped the rail, and was able to look inboard, it was to discover a deserted fore deck, with the watch all engaged at some task amidships. There was no gleam of light, but I could hear the patter of feet, and imagined seeing dim moving figures. A rather high-pitched voice was giving orders, and enough of his words reached me to convince that other men were aloft on the main yard.

Believing my best policy would be to join those busied on deck, just as the I be'onged among them. I crept down the forecastle ladder, and worked my way aft beneath the black shadow of the port rail, until able thus to drift unnoticed into a group tailing on to a mainsail halliard. The fellow next to me, without releasing his grip, turned his head and stared, but without discerning my features.

"Whar the h—l did yer cum frum?" he growled.

Carlyle's experiences aboard the Namur, undoubtedly a pirate ship, are sure to be extremely hazardous and thrilling, taxing every ounce of his courage, strength and cunning. Meanwhile, what of Dorothy and the other worthy persons left slumbering in the hospitable Travers abode? Something of a tragic nature must have happened there while the defenders of the Fairfax sloop were being slaughtered. The next installment will probably tell us. In the Ledger next week.

* * *

Only Kings Had Watches.

"IN MEDIEVAL days a watch was a king's proudest possession," says a writer. Each watch was then a masterpiece, and its maker put his name on it just as Rembrandt signed a painting, or Michael Angelo marked a statue. Watches were gifts which were sure to obtain royal favor.

Watchmaking was a mystery and the secrets of the trade were jealously guarded. No ordinary person could gain admittance to the hall in which the men worked; none could enter without the distinguishing livery of a master workman. Because of the pride of the workers in their craft the work was very slow, but it resulted in the production of perfect timepieces. If a watch came below the standard of the guild a penalty was imposed on its maker.

* * *

By This Sign.

THE hats that Thomas Showem buys
Must have "T. S." put on the lining;
His shirt sleeves hold up to your eyes
Neat monograms of his designing.
The letters on his watch are set
And on his paper, nicely tinted;
On all his handkerchiefs they're met,
And on his cigarettes they're printed.

You'll find the letters on his car
And on his cuff links and his locket;
Upon his shaving cup they are
And on his ulster's inside pocket.
I fear when at St. Peter's hands
He gets his halo he'll not don it,
Till some one answers his demands
That his initials he put on it!
—NATHAN M. LEVY.

* * *

Where They Eat the Octopus.

THE meat of the octopus is regarded as a food delicacy by natives living along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. They are frequently caught by women who walk along the rocky shores and find the octopus in a rocky crevice. His home is usually betrayed by the presence of a pile of crab shells and other debris outside the entrance to his establishment. The women do not fear the octopus in shallow water and they hook them and drag them from their crannies and pull them ashore. It seems that they are only to be feared when in deep water.

FORCED BY GRATITUDE OF MANY TO REPEAT HIS OFFER

Moved by the expressions of gratitude of many patients and friends for regained hearing, Specialist Sproule feels almost forced to bring his Method of treatment for Ear troubles within the reach of other sufferers and so he offers again a 4-day introductory treatment free.

These free offers have been made before in this paper and in others. People have seen the sample treatment, liked it and come under the Method. Then there have been letters of which the following are sample extracts:—

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Follow their example. Send off now, a post card or a letter with your full name and address. Don't delay, or you may regret it. If you have even the slight st feeling that something is wrong with your ears, be on the safe side and send for a treatment. It won't cost you anything. If you are growing Deaf and have become discouraged, profit by the example of those who have shared in the triumphs of this Method. **Write today for a Free Treatment, to**

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Cards, circulars, labels, book, paper. Press $2. Larger $5 Job press $150. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, etc. THE PRESS CO., D-24, Meriden, Conn.

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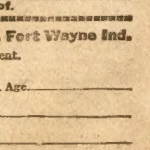

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I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 20 years. I served four years as a member of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and five years as President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everyone in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about my successful treatment. Over twenty thousand Men Women and Children outside of Fort Wayne, have, according to their own statements, been cured by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

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Name ..... Age. .....
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For Ledger Girls and Boys

A Horse Deal

"THERE'S one good point about Moses, he never runs away," said Peter Harris, as he tightened the saddle girth around the big, raw-boned mule.

"But he stumbles so," complained his sister Grace. "It's his front feet that stumble going up hill and his hind feet coming down."

"Cheer up, little sister," replied Peter. "Alex may let us have Prince."

He put Grace up first and swung himself into the saddle, asking: "Have you the eggs?"

"Yes, brother, I have them, but how long I shall keep them is for Moses to say."

The trouble was that owing to the Revolutionary War their family had become too run down to afford more than one good horse and he was being used by Alex, their older brother, so the younger brother and sister had to content themselves with Moses since it was long, long before the day of flivvers.

When they reached the big colonial house where they were to leave the eggs, Grace offered to stay on the road with Moses while her brother went in.

She slid off the mule's back, letting the reins trail on the ground. He could be trusted not to run away. Then she plumped herself down on the soft new grass sprinkled with violets and dandelions. The warm, drowsy air stirred her brown curls and before she knew it she was half asleep.

Suddenly she was aroused by the sound of galloping hoofs and starting up she saw a horse coming full tilt in her direction.

"A runaway!" she thought, and before she realized what she was doing she ran out in the road, directly in the animal's path. On it came, but Grace never wavered. Her will must have conquered, for the horse shied and stopped when it reached her.

But Moses had been showing great excitement as the horse came thundering nearer and nearer, and when it came close and shied it crowded against the old mule. This was too much for Moses. Something about the panting, quivering animal frightened him. With a shrill cry he wheeled about and tore off at a full gallop in the direction of home.

Grace held the new horse by the mane and breathed into its nostrils as she had seen their Sam do. Just as she had succeeded in calming it her brother came from the house.

"Gramercy!" he exclaimed. "What have you there? Is it Moses transfigured? Or have you been in a horse deal while I was gone?"

"Neither," laughed Grace, "but this is a runaway which has scared our Moses into a fit, I fear, for he is running away!"

They did not know what to do at first, but as there was no one in sight to claim the horse and as their mule was gone and the trip home too long and tedious to be pleasant, they at last mounted the strange horse bareback and started for home.

Such a ride! They seemed to skim over the ground. Peter's arms went around the long outstretched neck, while Grace clung to her brother's coattails.

Whizz! They passed old Moses trotting along the road. It was awful when they made the curve up the long hill.

"I—I—am f-f-f-falling off" gasped poor Grace.

Peter heard the ripping of cloth behind him and realized that he was parting company with his coattails—and Grace. Of course, he could not leave her, so he let himself fall off, too, on the softest side of the road. It wasn't very soft at that, and for a minute he lay there stunned.

"Grace, how do you fare?" Peter called presently, raising himself with a groan and looking behind him. "Well, well!"

There sat Grace in the middle of the road, her hat gone and her hair tumbling about her face, while above her stood old Moses looking surprised and anxious.

"Ah, my good Moses!" cried Grace. "I needed this lesson. Old friends are best!"

Peter got up and, finding no bones broken, helped his sister to mount and soon they were off again for home.

There in the road stood the strange horse cropping grass. Peter had a coiled lariat on his pommel, for he had been practicing lassooing in the manner of the American Indians, and as they neared the horse he took the rope in his hand.

"Oh, Peter, are you going to catch that fearful brute?" cried Grace.

For answer her brother swung the lariat and threw it. Down it came, settling fairly around the strange beast's neck. The startled horse gave a leap and tore away at such a rate that soon the rope was taut and Moses was being pulled along at an unaccustomed gait. Grace feared the strange horse would be strangled, but Peter was enjoying the ride, a broad grin on his face. The smile was not quite so sunny when they went racing past their own home. Their brother Alex was standing on the broad piazza and saw them. Prince was already saddled, so up he swung and gave chase.

The strange horse, maddened and almost choking, dashed on with Moses doing his best to keep up, while in the rear tagged Alex on Prince. And it was in this fashion they came into town and were stopped by the butcher, Mr. Jenkins, and the keeper of the tavern, Mr. Knight.

"Ah, to be sure, this is none other than the famous racer, Flash, belonging to Mr. Gill!" exclaimed the innkeeper. "There ought to be a handsome reward for you."

Mr. Gill was sitting in the tavern enjoying his half-pint of toddy and when he was sent for he came hurrying out.

"Flash, it is!" he cried. "A serious loss I might have had if any Indians had chanced upon him."

He spoke of reward, but Peter refused money and after many pleasant remarks the three Harrises turned homeward. Alex had been strangely quiet the whole time and now as they jogged along the road he drew up close to his brother and sister and said in a rather shamefaced way:

"I have been selfish with Prince, Peter. You deserve a better mount than old Moses. One day Grace shall have Prince, the next day he shall be yours, then mine."

"That is very fair," replied Peter, "but Moses is not such a bad mount at that!"

Grace flushed with pleasure and, giving Peter a gentle squeeze, she asked: "When do the turns begin, brother?"

⁂

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Transposition.

219—1. I am a big cart; reverse me and I am an inclosure.

2. I am the opposite of death; transpose me and I become a tool.

3. I am an entrance; reverse me and I become an ancient word meaning a cross.

4. I am a verb; transpose me and I am beloved.

5. I am an apartment; reverse me and I am a wild heath.

Charade.

220—My first is a vessel used in the kitchen. My second is a preposition. My third is a verb, meaning to mimic or act. My whole is a form of entertainment you may have enjoyed during the holidays.

Four Word Square.

221—1. A country of South America.
2. Region of sacred history.
3. To peruse.
4. To unfasten.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

216—If You Were I.

1. Bull, bill. 2. Duck, Dick. 3. Pull, pill. 4. Lump, limp. 5. Pun, pin. 6. Butter, bitter. 7. Dun, din. 8. Fun, fin. 9. Fun, fir.

217—Prefixes.

1. Host, ghost. 2. Lad, glad. 3. Rind, grind. 4. Lance, glance. 5. Race, grace. 6. Aunt, gaunt. 7. Rate, grate. 8. Round, ground. 9. Rope, grope. 10. Reed, greed.

218—Word Square.

Y E A R
E L L A
A L A Y
R A Y S

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

What's Wrong in This Picture?

It's so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public—so easy to commit blunders that make people misjudge you. Can you find the mistake or mistakes that are being made in this picture? Can you point out what is wrong? If you are not sure, read the interesting article below, and perhaps you will be able to find out.

The Book of Etiquette

There have probably been times when you suffered embarrassment because you did not know exactly what to do or say. There have probably been times when you wished you had some definite information regarding certain problems of conduct, when you wondered how you could have avoided a certain blunder.

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. It has solved the problems of thousands of men and women. It has shown them how to be well-poised and at ease even among the most brilliant celebrities. It has shown them how to meet embarrassing moments with a calm dignity. It has made it possible for them to do and say and write and wear at all times only what is entirely correct.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dinner etiquette and dance etiquette, chapters on the etiquette of engagements and weddings, chapters on teas and parties and entertainments of all kinds. You will find authoritative information regarding the wording of invitations, visiting cards and all social correspondence. The subject of introductions is covered exhaustively, and the etiquette of travel devolves into an interesting discussion of correct form in France, England and other foreign countries. From cover to cover, each book is filled with interesting and extremely valuable information.

Sent Free for 5-Day Examination

Let us send you the famous Book of Etiquette free so that you can read and examine it in your own home. You are not obligated to buy if you do not want to. Just examine the books carefully, read a page here and there, glance at the illustrations, let it solve some of the puzzling questions of conduct that you have been wondering about. Within the 5 days, decide for yourself whether or not you want to return it.

We expect this new edition to go quickly. The books are now handsomely bound in cloth, decorated with gold. We urge you to send for your set at once. The price for the complete set is only $3.50 after 5 days. But don't send any money now—just the coupon. Keep the books at our expense while you examine them and read some of the interesting chapters.

Mail the coupon for your set of the Book of Etiquette today. Surprise your friends with your wide knowledge of the correct thing to do, say, write and wear at all times. Remember, it costs you nothing to see and examine the books. Mail the coupon NOW. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1051, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

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Do You Know—

how to introduce men and women correctly?

how to answer a dinner invitation?

how to greet a man or woman acquaintance in public?

how to plan church and house weddings?

how to use table silver properly?

how to word invitations and acknowledgments?

how to avoid blunders at the theatre and opera?

how to do at all times the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured?

Etiquette at the Theatre

When a man and woman walk down the theatre aisle together, should the man precede the woman? May they walk arm-in-arm? When the usher indicates their places, should the woman enter first or the man?

Many puzzling questions of conduct confront the members of a theatre party who occupy a box. Which seats should the women take and which the men? Should the women remove their hats—or don't they wear any? What should women wear to the theatre in the evening? What should men wear? Is it correct for a man to leave a woman alone during intermission?

At the theatre, evidences of good conduct can be more strikingly portrayed than perhaps anywhere else. Here, with people surrounding us on all sides, we are admired as being cultured, well-poised and attractive, or we are looked upon as coarse and ill-bred. It depends entirely upon how well one knows and follows the rules of etiquette.

At the Dance

How should the man ask a woman to dance? What should he say to her when the music ceases and he must return to his original partner? Do you know the correct dancing positions?

How should a woman accept a dance and how should she refuse it? How can the embarrassment of being a wall-flower be avoided? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it considered correct, in social circles, for a young woman to wander away from the ball-room with her partner?

Very often introductions must be made in the ball-room. Should a man be introduced to a woman, or a woman to a man? Is it correct to say, **Miss Brown, meet Mr. Smith,** or **Mr. Smith, meet Miss Brown?** Which of these two forms is correct: **Bobby, this is Mrs. Smith,** or **Mrs. Smith, this is Bobby?**

When introducing a married woman and a single woman should you say, **Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Smith,** or **Miss Smith, allow me to present Mrs. Brown?**

When leaving the ball-room, is the guest expected to thank the hostess? What should the woman guest say when she leaves? What should the gentleman guest say? It is only by knowing exactly what is correct, that one can avoid the embarrassment and humiliation of social blunders, and win the respect and admiration of those with whom one comes into contact.

In the Street

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. For or on the man must know exactly what is correct when he is walking with a young woman. According to etiquette, is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? May a woman take a gentleman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

When is it permissible for a man to pay a woman's fare on the street-car or railroad? Who enters the car first, the woman or the man? Who leaves the car first?

If a man and woman who have met only once before encounter each other in the street, who should make the first sign of recognition? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? On what occasions should the hat be raised?

People of culture can be recognized at once. They know exactly what to do and say on every occasion, and because they know that they are doing absolutely what is correct, they are calm, well-poised, dignified. They are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people in the highest social circles, and yet be entirely at ease.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, AUTOMOBILE OILS, roofing, stock food to consumers from samples; no capital or experience necessary; steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed. 43 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1759 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE FINEST all wool tailored-to-measure suits at the sensationally low price of $29.50, which includes a good profit for you. Nothing like it in America. Values positively sensational! Competition swept aside! You get your profits in advance. Our values are the greatest thing of its kind ever gotten out. Large swatch, tailoring samples and fashions, and a complete line of men's furnishings. Everything complete in a handsome carrying case. Good agents make $75.00 a week easy. Lines going fast. Write quick—enclose $3.00 deposit as evidence of good faith. We refund your $3.00 as soon as you sell $100.00 worth, or at once if you are not satisfied. Outfit costs us $15.00. This is the chance of a lifetime for good men. Write to-day. Goodwear (Inc.), Chicago, Dept. G 381.

TAILORING AGENTS: $59 SUITS $29.50; one-price line, retails $29.50 per suit; $10 to $20 cheaper than any prices; quick collect profit at once; we ship C. O. D. to customer for balance; exclusive territory; hustlers wanted; some others considered; write fully; state experience. Sales Manager, 831 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE TO PORTRAIT MEN—NEW LIVE monthly publications devoted to the interests of independent portrait men will be sent you absolutely free. Only paper of its kind special of its kind published. Information of vital interest to you in every issue. Send your name today. The Magnet, Dept. C42, Westerville, Ohio.

AGENTS SELL THE PLYMOUTH SHOPPING bag. Leatherette sateen lined, made to sell for $1. Large profit to you. A 16 year old boy sold 25 in a few days. Lady, 71, sold one hour. A 70 year old man, 70 doz. in a few weeks. Write for full particulars. Sample by post, 75c. E. Kondon, 12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

AGENTS REPRESENT MANUFACTURERS in your district. Make $5 per profits. In 1922 selling "Dandy" combination and shopping bags. Made in black leatherette and colors. Five grades. $3.00 per dozen up. Churchill-Lippincott Co., 4223 Lake street, Chicago.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME—LARGE MANufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits. Largest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 62 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS—PATENTED HOUSEHOLD NECESsity. Greatest since pin and carpet tack. Entirely new—sells at sight. Nothing like it —everybody prospect. Big repeats and profits. Send 10c for full sample. Scott-Block Co., 304 West 54th St., New York City.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.44. Write today for easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S A Ten-Use brush set and Mop. Brush sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy sales. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

MEN AND WOMEN MAKE $100 UPWARDS weekly selling greatest labor and money saving household necessity. Big repeater. Good crew managers proposition. Free sample and particulars. Rally Co., C-1, Hastings, Nebraska.

$5,000.00 IS YOURS IN 1922. EXCLUSIVE contracts, complete line, fastest selling auto accessories made. All you need is pep. We show you how. Secure your territory today. Leslie F. Muter Co., 69th & Lafayette Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SEND ONLY 4 NAMES OF FRIENDS, LAdies or gents, and earn wonderful $10 premium. Serena Works, Dept. 10, Serena, Ill. Investigate. Send names today! Aviar Picture Co., 565-87 West 162 street, New York City.

AGENTS WANTED—ONE MAN OR WOMAN in every town to take orders for stylish skirts. Spare or full time. New proposition. Big commissions. We deliver and collect. Act now. Fabrics Manufacturing Co., 100 Cusack Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No room reserved. Write today. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linco Co., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. A Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

MEN'S SHIRTS—BIG SELLERS—FACTORY to consumer, $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Free samples. Write today. Chicago Shirt Co., 208 So. LaSalle, Dept. 103, Chicago.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

WE PAY $200 MONTHLY SALARY, FURnish rig and expenses to all who qualify introducing guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X 520, Springfield, Illinois.

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AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

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WANTED—MEN OR WOMEN TO DISTRIBute household necessity, which, owing to war conditions, could not be obtained during past six years. Samples free to workers. W. H. Tibbits, Walton, N. Y.

OIL GAUGE FOR FORDS. REMARKABLE O new invention. Sells on sight. Big profits, easy. Exclusive distributors wanted. Address Sales Mgr., 114 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME A that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lucasian Co., Dept. 21-L, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

TWO REAL MONEY MAKERS: SELFthreading needles. Needle books cost 5c, sell at 15c. Send for samples. Carl Lee, 146 E. 23rd St., New York.

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DEAN'S MIDGET PRINTING OUTFIT D prints cards, envelopes, etc. Price 50c prepaid. Dean Company, Hubbard Woods, Ill.

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AGENTS—TOILET ARTICLES, BIG FAV. A Sale every home. Samples free. Richard Spencer, Martinsville, Va.

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BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR: B $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for free booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thoucity to earn big money, travel, thousands of positions created in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNM necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

THOSE OUT OF EMPLOYMENT OR WISHT ing to increase present income, communicate with Chautauqua Commercial Agency, Jamestown, N. Y.

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVESM tigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. GREAT D demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS F here. Get their homes—everywhere—beginners $150, later $250. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEN WANTED TO QUALIFY FOR FIREM men, brakemen, experience unnecessary. Transportation furnished. Write W. Boggess, 102 St. Louis.

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BECOME A DETECTIVE IN YOUR TOWN. B Experience unnecessary. National Detective Agency, 723, Youngstown, Ohio.

WANTED MEN. BECOME AUTOMOBILE W experts, $35 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A404, Rochester, N. Y.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, OVER A 17, willing to accept Government positions, $135, write Mr. Ozment, 106, St. Louis.

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GOVERNMENT JOBS OPEN. $95 MONTH. G Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 6, Rochester, N. Y.

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STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE S wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 566, Hannibal, Mo.

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CENTS WORTH DOLLARS. DO YOU C know that coin collectors pay up to $100.00 each for certain old cents? As well as high premiums for all rare coins. We buy all rare coins. Send 4c. Get large coin circular. It may mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Tex.

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FERRETS FOR KILLING RATS, ALSO F hunting rabbits. Instruction book and price list free. Levi Farnsworth, New London, Ohio.

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LADIES WANTED AND MEN TOO, TO L address envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $25 weekly. No canvassing. No experience required. Book explains everything; send 10 cents to cover postage, etc. Ward Publishing Co., Tilton, N. H.

WOMEN AGENTS TO SELL SHOLL'S WAW terproof specialties. Sample outfit, consisting of large and small waterproof apron, sanitary belt and baby bib sent at wholesale price $1.00. Retails for $2.00. Sholl Rubber Products, Dept. B, 2708 N. Western Ave., Chicago.

EXCEPTIONAL OPENING. THOSE DESIRE ing plain sewing home. Any sewing machine. City—country. No canvassing. No work. To prevent curiosity seekers send 12 cents. Samples-information. Good Wear Cloth Co., Inc., Asbury Park, N. J.

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$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil wells. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count: Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

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